

Floyd E. Birkhead, Winfield.
Charles H. Oney, Wright City.

NEW JERSEY

William J. Dugan, Greystone Park.
Thomas E. Downs, Jr., South Amboy.
Robert Freeman Kearse, Vauxhall.

OKLAHOMA

George J. Martin, Guthrie.

TENNESSEE

William Davis Dulaney, Blountville.
H. Woodruff Booth, Knoxville.
William L. Moore, Selmer.

TEXAS

Oliver A. Hale, Abilene.
Annie K. Turney, Alpine.
Pearl Knox, Anson.
Angus G. Vick, Belton.
Wilson Bradley, Bryan.
Eunice C. Burroughs, Buffalo.
Erin M. McAskill, Edinburg.
Daisy E. Billingsley, Eliasville.
Robert B. Truett, Franklin.
Kirby J. Preston, Gladewater.
Crown Dickson, Kilgore.
Roger S. Guyton, McCamey.
William E. Thomason, Nacogdoches.
Elbert L. Tubb, Oakwood.
John E. Cooke, Rockdale.
Nora B. Starnes, Winona.
Brett Hargrove, Woodsboro.

UTAH

Robert H. Barton, Layton.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1936

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

THE JOURNAL

Mr. BANKHEAD. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal of yesterday's proceedings be dispensed with and the Journal stand approved.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Alabama?

There was no objection.

By unanimous consent, the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was approved.

ORDER OF BUSINESS

Mr. BANKHEAD. Mr. Speaker, before proceeding with the memorial services, a change in the parliamentary situation makes it necessary for me to submit a unanimous-consent request on account of the indisposition of the chairman of the subcommittee in charge of the Interior Department appropriation bill.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that on tomorrow it may be in order to consider omnibus bills on the Private Calendar under the rule.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Alabama?

There was no objection.

RECESS

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to House Resolution 467 the Chair declares the House to be in recess for the purpose of

holding memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials.

Accordingly, the House stood in recess to meet at the call of the Chair.

MEMORIAL SERVICE PROGRAM

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12).....United States Army Band
Presiding Officer.....The Speaker of the House of Representatives
Invocation.....The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery
There Is No Death.....O'Hara

Dorothy Reddish

Scripture Reading and Prayer.....The Chaplain
Roll of Deceased Members.....The Clerk of the House of Representatives
Devotional silence.

Address.....Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER
Representative from the State of Kansas

Out of the Night a Bugle Blows.....Constance
Dorothy Reddish

Address.....Hon. JOHN J. O'CONNOR
Representative from the State of New York

Cornet solo—Nearer My God to Thee.....Ralph Ostrom
From the United States Army Band

Benediction.....The Chaplain

IN MEMORIAM

Senate

Hon. HUEY PIERCE LONG, a Senator from the State of Louisiana. Died September 10, 1935.

Hon. THOMAS DAVID SCHALL, a Senator from the State of Minnesota. Died December 22, 1935.

House of Representatives

Hon. CAP R. CARDEN, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky. Died June 13, 1935.

Hon. CHARLES VILAS TRUAX, at large, Ohio. Died August 9, 1935.

Hon. HENRY MAHLON KIMBALL, Third Congressional District of Michigan. Died October 19, 1935.

Hon. WESLEY LLOYD, Sixth Congressional District of Washington. Died January 10, 1936.

Hon. STEPHEN A. RUDD, Ninth Congressional District of New York. Died March 31, 1936.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

The Speaker of the House of Representatives presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Dorothy Reddish sang *There Is No Death*, by O'Hara.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not its self, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child,

I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. (I Cor. xiii.)

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Hear us, Infinite Spirit, while we breathe the chant of the ages: Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty; heaven and earth are filled with Thy goodness; glory be unto Thy holy name. Hear us and lead us to repose our confidence in Thee. We thank Thee for the blessed gift of life; inspire us to live wisely, labor industriously, and at the last hand it back to Thee without a blemish. Guide us by Thy law, rule us by Thy love, and lead us in the pathway of a just and honorable service for our country.

We praise Thee for the words that fell from the lips of our Master:

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you.

Heavenly Father, the sands of life run swiftly; we know not when the silver cord shall be loosed, the golden bowl be broken, but so long as faith and hope and love shall live, so long is the immortality of the soul assured. Be this the comfort, the hope of the sorrowing ones of our deceased Members in whose memory we have assembled. May we go forward with patience and fortitude and at the last may we be able to look back without regret in the closing hours of this earthly life and pass serenely to our eternal home. In the name of our Savior. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Patrick J. Haltigan, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

HUEY PIERCE LONG, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF LOUISIANA

Lawyer; railroad commissioner; member of the public service commission, State of Louisiana; Governor; elected to the United States Senate, November 4, 1930. Died September 10, 1935.

THOMAS DAVID SCHALL, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF MINNESOTA

Lawyer; elected a Representative to the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, and Sixty-eighth Congresses; twice elected to the United States Senate. Died December 22, 1935.

CAP R. CARDEN, FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF STATE OF KENTUCKY

Lawyer; farmer; banker; elected a Representative to the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died June 13, 1935.

CHARLES VILAS TRUAX, REPRESENTATIVE AT LARGE, STATE OF OHIO

Farmer; editor; director of agriculture, Ohio, 1923-29; vice chairman, Democratic State Central Committee; delegate Democratic National Convention, 1924; nominated for United States Senate, 1928; elected a Representative to the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died August 9, 1935.

HENRY MAHLON KIMBALL, THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN

Graduate of the literary and law departments of the University of Michigan; practicing attorney for 27 years; elected a Representative to the Seventy-fourth Congress. Died October 19, 1935.

WESLEY LLOYD, SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

Lawyer; elected a Representative to the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses; assistant Democratic whip of the House; member of the Committee on the Judiciary. Died January 10, 1936.

STEPHEN ANDREW RUDD, NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Lawyer; alderman, city of New York; elected a Representative to the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died March 31, 1936.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER, a Representative from the State of Kansas, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. ULYSSES S. GUYER

Mr. Speaker:

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set, but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Veneration for the sepulcher and reverence for the dead belong to the most ancient instincts of the human race. To respect and to honor the memory and dust of our ancestors is common alike to the savage and the civilized. This inclination to consecrate the grave and to enshrine the memory of our departed ancestors may have been and doubtless was the beginning of the worship of Deity, for in that black night of prehistoric darkness the human soul reached out toward the only symbol of Deity it possessed—its earthly parentage.

Thus today, both in harmony with the precedents of the House and the customs of mankind, we meet to honor those who have gone to that "undiscovered country" and who for a brief time were associated with us in this forum fashioned by our fathers in the Constitution. This day the discord of party passion divides us not. Individual interests and personal ambitions are forgotten. The battle for supremacy and the struggle for precedence sleep for the moment like those we mourn. All that is sordid, all that is ignoble in this game of politics retreats in silence from the presence of death.

There are no minority views in this committee's report. It is accepted by unanimous consent without debate. That report constitutes the epitaph of the seven strong men who are the objects of this memorial. Their work in this forum is finished. Their record is completed. Their roll calls have all been answered. Their speeches have all been uttered. Their offices have been vacated by the decree of fate. Soon others will occupy their places and the current of life will resume its accustomed course.

It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of life in which one surrenders his peace of mind, his tranquillity of soul and life under his own vine and fig tree for a disappointing, disillusioning ignis fatuus in the morass of public life. Yet, arduous as the duties are, we are loathe to leave its unrivaled associations, and every Member may refer with pride to his membership in this forum of the people. The duties and growing exactions upon its Members increasingly draw upon their powers of endurance and resistance, which constantly increases their mortality. I have been a Member of this House for 10 years under five Speakers, three of whom have gone to that undiscovered land where there is always a quorum present.

In my humble opinion, the Presiding Officer of this House holds in his credentials of election as Speaker the supreme testimonial of exalted character, unimpeachable integrity, and superlative ability. He is no accident. He must prove his fitness for this great office through a long series of years in the fierce furnace of political debate, the fisticuff of parliamentary strategy and maneuver, and by his ability to manage strong and intelligent men under the most trying and difficult circumstances. That, in my opinion, was what led the late Nicholas Longworth to twice declare upon this floor, "I would rather occupy that chair than any other office in the world."

While in the roster of public offices a Member of this House is not the most exalted, membership in the House

holds the opportunity for the highest type of public service. The principal difference between the higher and lower offices is that the higher are the more exacting and the more disappointing and disillusioning. Men speak of the Presidency as the greatest office in the world, and we do not dispute that estimate. But what a tragic and disappointing illusion!

With more or less familiarity I have known the last seven Presidents; knew each before his elevation to the high office, met each while serving his term, saw all of them after the expiration of their terms, except one, who escaped in the embrace of death, and every one of them withered under the devastating experience like the grass withered under the furnace breath of the drought of 1934. The Presidency saps the life like a vampire and like a vampire mocks.

I saw Woodrow Wilson stumble down into the valley and the shadow amid the wreck of his shattered dream of peace, disappointed, disillusioned and heartbroken beyond the dream of despair. I saw that world-famous smile of William Howard Taft, which they said would never wear off, fade forever among the things that were. Warren G. Harding, as Senator, might still be in the land of the living. We were all so sure that the cold, calculating, imperturbable equanimity, the impenetrable stoicism of Calvin Coolidge would be proof against the lethal draught, but now we know that a happy decade or mayhap a tranquil score of years were shorn from his span of life. One of the seven by reason of his superlative strength and his indomitable will survived a decade in the generous hope of again sacrificing himself upon that alluring altar, but before his dream came true he expired like a steed plunging back into his burning barn. I saw Herbert Hoover, too sensitive for such an office, grow old while I looked at him.

There are living six widows of former Presidents and the wife of the only ex-President, eloquent tribute to the eternal feminine and tragic evidence of Presidential mortality. Let no one deceive himself into believing that the present incumbent, in spite of all his playful laughter and gallant front, is not corroding under the acid of this enervating ordeal. We sigh, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown", but no more uneasy than the head that is pillowed in that snowy palace at the other end of the Avenue. We speak of "the white light that beats upon a throne", but it is no whiter and not nearly so hot as that which flames about the Presidential chair. But this office confers immortality upon one's name, so scores of patriots surge to immolate themselves upon this alluring but fatal altar.

During the last holiday season I drove past that gleaming palace, with its noble portico aflame with a rainbow of Christmas lights, and I thought as I mused upon the somber shadows that lurked among its stately columns and hid in its classic corridors that we should write above those iron gates what is etched on the lintels of Dante's Inferno:

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.

Shakespeare, in his tragedy of greatness, puts upon the lips of Marc Antony the naked truth concerning human greatness. Antonius was standing above the body of his assassinated friend and comrade, that "piece of bleeding earth", that pathetic clay that but yesterday was Julius Caesar, "whose word might have stood against the world." As he gazed upon this prostrate form he exclaimed:

*O Mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?*

Massillon, delivering the funeral oration of Louis XIV in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, exclaimed, "Dieu, seul, est grand"—God, alone, is great! Such is the tragedy of human grandeur! The old Romans had a lucid saying: "Sic transit gloria mundi"—so passes the glory of the world.

This service reminds us of the swift mutations of life. Nothing in life is permanent or static. Nature abhors both a vacuum and dull monotony. Life is a stream on whose bosom is etched everlasting change. The earth is full of life,

music, beauty, and loveliness. But its beauty and loveliness do not last. It changes as swiftly as the wings of light.

*Beauty comes and beauty goes,
Like the petals of a rose.*

*Song is but a moment's bliss,
Fleeting as a lover's kiss.*

*Dawn's bright promise of a day,
Quickly crumbles in decay.*

*Spring is but an eerie, banshee light,
Vanishing in a burst of flight.*

*And in all this transiency,
Only God and hope remain to me.*

The passing of these colleagues of ours brings into sharp relief not only the eternal change of all things but the mystery of death. Life too, is quite as much a mystery. What is life with all its wondrous, mighty energies? Its definition and its source have escaped all our sages and philosophers. What is death? Only the poet can approach a definition. Nancy Byrd Turner has recently given her version and vision of death under the title, *Death is a Door*:

*Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk,
When the thrushes call.*

*Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still;
Very willing and weary feet
Go over that sill.*

*There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.*

But what a pitiable little span is human life. When viewed only from its troubled surface, what a strange and pathetic tragedy. Yesterday the warm, sweet current of life; today still in the chill of death. Yesterday the thrill and exhilaration of superiority and preeminence; today the democratic equality of the dust. Death, like love, "levels all rank." There is no caste in the dominion of the sepulcher. Death is the universal decree. The earth itself is but one vast mausoleum. We touch it not without desecrating a myriad sepulcher. The very rocks that wall us in are but the dusty archives of life that throbbed in dead and forgotten ages. All that lives must die.

*The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.*

But it has been said that there is no life without death. That death is the prophecy of life.

*Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality.*

Bryant teaches us a beautiful lesson relative to the migratory bird:

*There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering but not lost.*

*He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I shall tread alone,
Will guide my feet aright.*

The bird that sunward guides its flight does not know that eternal summer laughs beneath the tropic sun. He has never seen the leaves that never fade nor felt the heat that never cools. His native home was where arctic ice drove summer from the earth he knew. But in his little fluttering heart the Almighty had planted this cosmic urge to seek a land of everlasting summer; and when the bird arrives, there the summer is. Neither nature nor nature's God ever deceived his children.

I used to have a friend who was a great lawyer and a greater poet and philosopher, though he wrote all of his

poetry in the form of prose. In an essay discussing the conservation of energy and the well-known fact that always and everywhere in nature nonextinction is her most imperious command; that matter and energy were indestructible and eternal. He tells it so much better than anyone else ever did, so I will quote briefly:

Each meanest mote of matter's dust doth hide a king, divinity doth hedge. He may his vesture's fashion change, or may put on the Gyges ring: he ne'er shall abdicate.

Though worlds may crash and matter wreck, or seethe in flame with fervent heat, and seeming chaos come again, without a tremor, still enthroned, his royal plumage all unscathed, his power nor jot nor tittle 'bates.

When comes the time, and come it shall, when seemingly this solid earth, yon flaming sun, and all that his wide eye beholds, in sheer vacuity dissolves, * * * his crown serene he still shall wear, shall still his royal scepter wield.

If this mote of matter, Judge Keplinger's humble but regal grain of dust, shall survive the wreck of worlds, what shall we say of mind and soul and energy? Mind and energy are eternal. I am mind, I am energy! I am immortal!

I know of no better manner of concluding this faltering memorial to those of our number who have gone to the land of their dreams than by quoting a little poem by the great dramatic critic, William Winter. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Winter was very ill and close to the gates of eternity. He recovered, however, and afterward wrote this poem, and, in my humble opinion, no sweeter honey of its kind has dripped from the hive of genius since Tennyson wrote *The Crossing of the Bar*. In the gentle faith of Him who walked by the tideless sea and in the calm philosophy of William Winter, as expressed in this poem, we can look toward the sunset trail with confidence and hope:

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Shall soar away.

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death shall show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern,
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

One motion and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost,
In endless sleep.
Then onward, whatso'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor hate
Can touch me there.

Dorothy Reddish sang *Out of the Night a Bugle Blows*, by Constance.

HON. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, a Representative from the State of New York, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Mr. Speaker, once again the House of Representatives stands in recess, in tribute to those Members of Congress whom we have lost, by death, since we last met on such occasion.

In his oration in memory of the first Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War, Pericles commended the fitness of the Athenian public funeral, but doubted the wisdom of any speech, declaring that where men's deeds have been great, they should be honored in deed only, and that the reputation of many should never depend upon the judgment, or want of it, of one, and their virtue exalted or not, as he spoke, well or ill.

Most of us believe "they shall not pass this way again." But America was aware of their "passing." They had the distinctive honor, not always appreciated, to be singled out from among our 127,000,000 of the Nation's people to be included within the small group of 531 men and women who form the legislative branch of the Government.

Each and every one of them was conscious of that honor and its obligations and responsibilities. No one of them was a "backyard" Congressman, concerned only with his own State or his own district. They all appreciated that their correct title under the Constitution was Representative or Senator "from" the State of their residence, and not merely "of" that Commonwealth. Their ideas and the conception of their obligations were not provincial. They were "nationally minded", an example well worth emulation.

It has not been given to all men to have lived in the days through which they, our deceased colleagues passed. To have lived during the last generation is a privilege never before afforded in history, and unlikely to be repeated or surpassed.

These colleagues of ours who sat shoulder to shoulder with us, who agreed with us, or contended with us, passed through the most momentous three decades of civilization. That they were aware of it we are sure. Their participation in it vouches for that.

They left us when they had reached perhaps the peak of their ambitions. In measure greater or less they had satisfied what Arnold called:

The highest earthly desire of the ripened mind, the desire of taking an active part in the great work of government.

It was their privilege to see man conquer distance on land through the development of the automobile. Above their heads they saw coursing through the air giant man-made birds, propelled by humans—their ears were startled to hear voices carried through illimitable space without wires—what they had toiled at with their hands they saw performed a hundredfold by "Frankenstein" machines, terrifyingly human in operation, though soulless and ruthless in their consequences. All this was called by some of their contemporaries "progress", the economic going forward of civilization, the scientific conquering of the universe, emancipation from the slavery of labor. The economic and social readjustment necessary from these innovations concerned these colleagues of ours, as their records well prove. Reared in the school of individualism they, like their constituents, looked askance at times at this irresistible march of the forces of nature and invention. To meet the changed conditions they gave the best that was in them to solve the economic and social problems of the Nation they represented. Their predecessors had no such problems. Until the turn of the twentieth century progress was comparatively even in its tenor. It was a great privilege to play an important part in an unparalleled period of dynamic change.

While our colleagues, whom we honor today, were afforded the opportunity to live through, and take leading parts in, such an economic and social readjustment, at the same time they were to witness and participate in the greatest armed conflict in all history, among practically all the leading civilized nations of the world. None of their forbears ever lived through such days and, please God, may their descendants never pass through such an experience, the effect of which even time may never eradicate. At first hand, and through their own eyes, our beloved colleagues saw countless millions of educated men, in arms, bent on destroying their fellow men with new implements of war which their fathers had never envisioned.

With airplane, with centaurlike tanks, with death-dealing gas, civilization brawled. None knew the terrifying results more than our departed colleagues—they lived it. They saw millions slaughtered and maimed, thousands upon thousands of their own boys, out of the four million in arms, killed or incapacitated. That experience was theirs, and it was their solemn duty to reconstruct and to salvage. We, who knew them well, know what a prominent part they played in this post-war rehabilitation. It is rarely that we could commemorate the service of any one group of men whose outstanding services in behalf of the veterans of the World War would stand out so pronounced.

In their time, these colleagues of ours saw nearly every old established government of Europe fall, and a new order instituted. Monarchies and kingdoms gave way to democracies, social states, or dictatorships. Never in history, in

a space of so few years, was the change so rapid. All this they saw occurring in the outside world. They gave attention to all this change, because their vision was not nationally self-contained. They did not believe in erecting a barbed wire enclosure around their own country, either to keep their own people in, or their blood relations out. They realized that America was an integral part of the world, born of it and, to an extent, dependent on it. They wore no dark glasses to blur out the Atlantic or the Pacific.

While all these chimerical changes were going on abroad, in their own land these beloved colleagues of our experienced new and unprecedented changes. They saw a Nation struggling under a tremendous war debt, principally consisting of billions loaned to those nations called our allies. They saw the post-war cost of war—a billion dollars a year to take care of our soldiers who defended their country and other nations.

In 1921 they saw our country plunged into a depression, from which our farmers have never emerged, only to be followed by those delusive boom years, until that unparalleled and unprecedented crash of 1929.

It is disputable which years were more interesting and awe inspiring, or worth while, in which to live—those dreadful war days of 1914 to 1918, or those stressful years of depression from 1929 until recently. Either were much worth while—the experience—not only for the individual who lived through them but for the morale of our people. The immediate cost is apparent, but the ultimate gain will be worth all the cost and all the suffering entailed. Aristotle said:

The powers of evil and horror must be granted their full scope; it is only thus that we triumph over them. Only when they have worked their uttermost will, do we realize that there remains something in man's soul which is forever beyond their grasp and has power in its own right to make life beautiful.

Our colleagues knew, ere they passed from this mortal sphere, that never again would our country be dragged into a foreign martial conflict. They also knew, and gave their all to the end, that, out of the great economic depression, a new order would arise making it impossible that there be a recurrence of such suffering. Oh, they were called "socialists" and other terms of alleged opprobrium when they joined in working out the remedies suggested and put them into effect. They were compelled to withstand all the jibes and shafts of ridicule shot at them by the die-hard conservatives, and the "rugged individualists." But they stood their ground, and before they passed on, they enjoyed the satisfaction of having had a part in helping to pull this Nation out of the greatest economic abyss into which it had ever sunk.

They lived through these recent years of government consciousness on the part of the people. They saw the growth of untoward criticism of men in public life, by press, through radio, by individuals who had no conception of the subject about which they carped and who would not dare offer themselves before the electorate.

They lived through the recent years of all the "isms", from parlor, from soap box, and from pulpit. They, our colleagues, were the targets of the venom of blatant tongues in press and via radio. They learned that what were heretofore considered sacred personalities were no longer revered by the raucous, snarling broadcaster or the irresponsible columnist.

They went all through that—patriots as they were, confident of the justice of the cause they advocated. They were not swerved by the threats of selfish minorities or blocs or groups or deterred by abuse from their inferiors.

To have carried on through those days, not yet quite over, is no small compliment, especially when they beheld the rise of the demagogue, the official who caters to any minority, however small, provided it is sufficiently leather-lunged. Democracy which they knew when they entered public life had deteriorated within their time to the "bloc", the "drive", the "march", and the "lobby." "League" this and "union" that came into being in the closing years of their life to attempt to dictate by threats the orderly process of a democracy. While they saw other public officials succumb,

they, may it always be said to their credit, stood steadfast, obedient to the oath to which they subscribed and to their obligation to represent their people.

Read the list. Who among that number, of those we now hold immortal, would today succumb to the "points" of this one or the "platform" of that self-appointed dictator of our Nation's destinies?

We shall miss them because we have need right now of more of their stalwart type, ready to submerge their own interests to serve.

It was such men as these, our colleagues, Mark Twain had in mind when he gave his advice on how to take life.

Take it—

He said—

as though it were—as it is—an earnest, vital, and important affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had awaited your coming. Take it as though it were a great opportunity to do and achieve, to carry on great and good chances to help and cheer a suffering, weary, heartbroken brother. Now and then a man stands out from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous. The world wonders, admires, idolizes. The secret of the power that elevates the few is to be found in their industry, application, and perseverance under the promptings of a determined spirit.

These men of ours did "stand out from the crowd." It is only those who do so stand out who are the targets for the arrows of the supercilious critics—yea, even the assassin's bullet.

It is not only wars which produce heroes. Most of our revered and still honored national characters did not achieve their everlasting fame on the battlefield. Contrary to many temporary indications, God has really endowed his people to be eventually appreciative of service well performed. Such appreciation is rarely expressed during life. Nor is it always adequately expressed in a contemporary eulogy. Time, however, is the recorder, in whose indelible, permanent record is written the only true biography. "The good men do" is not "interred with their bones."

President Alderman, formerly of the University of Virginia, once said:

In the case of a statesman, all experience warns us not to attempt to fix his final place in history until the generation that knew him and loved him or hated him shall have passed away and a new generation, to whom he was not a familiar figure, shall have come upon the stage, capable of beholding him with eyes undimmed by emotion and judging him with minds unclouded by prejudice or by passion. Loyalty and duty and reverence nonetheless urge us to set down, while memory is clear and events are fresh, what we know of men upon whom their fellow men placed great burdens of power.

A prince once said of a king struck down:
"Taller he seems in death."
And the word holds good, for now, as then,
It is after death that we measure men.

We have not foregathered today, however, Mr. Speaker, to measure, but rather to express our deep-seated feelings at their passing from us. They were our daily companions and our friends. We like to assuage somewhat the irreparable loss to their families and our own grief by feeling that they have just "lay down to pleasant dreams."

A cornet solo, Nearer My God to Thee, was played by Ralph Ostrom, of the United States Army Band.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, the Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.

HON. HUEY PIERCE LONG

Mr. MALONEY. Mr. Speaker, it is with somber reflections that we speak on this occasion, because this is memorial exercise day. It is the day that has been set aside in order to pay tribute to those illustrious citizens—our colleagues—who have been called from their daily labors by the Father of all time. These sad events come to us daily, but somehow we cannot accustom ourselves to them, and although we accept them we never become reconciled and are filled with much sorrow and grief.

Mr. Speaker, one of our most eminent citizens was called from his daily labors last September. That citizen was in the full bloom of manhood and health and had dedicated his life's work for the public good. That illustrious citizen was Senator HUEY PIERCE LONG who was cut down by a cruel bullet directed by the aim of an assassin on September 8, 1935, in the hours of work and in the vigor of health and unlimited energy. With a strong constitution he battled for his life for 30 hours. While he was battling, the prayers of thousands of his fellow citizens were offered that his life would be spared so he could carry on as the protector of his wife and children and complete his services to his country; however, the wound proved fatal, and our beloved Senator passed into a quiet eternal sleep closing his earthly work on September 10, 1935.

This tragedy shocked the Nation, and the people in all walks of life in the State of Louisiana were visibly affected. One of the greatest outpourings of State citizenry visited Baton Rouge, La., on the day that his body was placed in a burial spot in a sunken garden on the grounds of the beautiful State capitol. That a virile and young man was taken from his people in the midst of health was indeed sad, but it was more pathetic to see him taken from a wife and three fine children, who needed his love, care, and protection. The heart of the Nation went out to them with fullest sympathy.

Senator Long had been honored by the State of Louisiana many times. He had served as public service commissioner, as Governor, and when he was taken from us he was the senior United States Senator and chairman of the State central committee and national committeeman of the Democratic Party of Louisiana.

Senator Long has left many monuments in his State that generations yet to come will see and know of him by his work. His life's efforts were devoted to the uplifting of the underprivileged. He was a great friend for the encouragement of education. He devised ways and means whereby all school children in the State of Louisiana would have free schoolbooks. He also inaugurated night schools for adults. He added facilities to the State University that permitted the tripling of the enrollment and made it easier to obtain a higher education for those who were desirous. He devised ways and means by which a new mansion, a new statehouse, an airport, and a bridge across the Mississippi River were constructed. These are all major improvements that will serve the people for generations with much convenience. He inaugurated the first complete paving program for the State. These and many other improvements are left as marks of his effort and foresight.

Senator Long was held in the highest affection by the people of his State, and there was nothing in their gift that he could not have had for the asking. While the Senator had many titles, his closest friends always called him "Huey", and I think that he preferred this salutation to any title that he had earned. I always called him "Huey." I met him during his first term as public service commissioner on public business. From that time on I was thrown in constant contact with him, which occasioned me to know him intimately. He was always anxious to do something for the general good. He was of a very generous disposition. He was determined in his convictions and asserted his views in an aggressive and open manner. But with all this he was reasonable. When you could show him logically that he was in error, he would make acknowledgment and change his views. He was tireless in his labors, and those who joined with him on any undertaking were never surprised when he would call them up in the wee hours of the morning for some information or assistance, because when he undertook a task he labored both day and night—hours meant nothing to him. His signal and continuous victories attested beyond any doubt to his competency as a political leader, and I am convinced that you gentlemen of the House and Senate recognized his ability many times in his debates upon the floor of the Senate. I think he demonstrated to the world at large his skill as a debater on many subjects,

which the RECORD will corroborate, and for continuous speaking you recall how he held the Senate floor for the near record time of 15 hours. I have heard many statements made, with which I agree, that it was a great loss to the Nation when HUEY LONG passed away.

I knew him to be a devoted son, a loving husband, and an affectionate father. He was a tried and true friend—to know him was to love him.

Whatever vales we yet may wander,
What sorrow come, what tempest blow,
We have a friend, a friend out yonder,
To greet us when we have to go—
Out yonder someone that we know.

Mr. FERNANDEZ. Mr. Speaker, Louisiana has already eulogized a great soul that has passed away into what many of us believe the realm of immortality. Little would the brief biography that my late beloved friend inserted in the Congressional Directory reveal such startling achievements and such an amazing and brilliant career during his entire period of public service for the people of Louisiana, who were so endeared to him.

HUEY PIERCE LONG, Democrat, of New Orleans, born in Winnfield, La., on August 30, 1893; became a practicing attorney in 1915; held offices of railroad commissioner, public-service commissioner, and Governor; was elected in November 1930 a Member of the United States Senate without opposition, and his term was due to expire in 1937. Such is in the Congressional Directory.

O Mr. Speaker, this summary does not commence to tell of the uphill and courageous fight this man, as a young man, had to wage in order to study law; it does not tell, even infinitesimally, the love and ambition that inspired this then young man to achievement of his goals. He rose to master the art of law; he succeeded in elevating himself, through the grace of his people, to high public office. From the very first office he ever held he was a benefactor of the people, who honored him, and to even those outside of the district in his State, at the time he was member of the Louisiana Public Service Commission, of which he later became chairman. In that capacity he lowered rates of telephones and carriage and of utilities. Even yet as a young man he accepted the office of Governor of Louisiana in 1928. Adversity stalked this genius in the first 2 years of his reign as Governor, but, alas! my beloved friend triumphed over his adversaries, submitted his gigantic public-improvement program to the people of Louisiana, and received approval of the vast majority of Louisiana's electorate.

HUEY PIERCE LONG's achievements are perpetual monuments to his genius, perseverance, and determination. These are the monuments of our beloved late leader's contribution to Louisiana: Thousands of miles of paved roads and graveled roads—3,160 miles of paved roads and 4,858 miles of graveled roads constructed in Louisiana from 1928 to 1935; 23 of the finest bridges, all toll free, crowned by the Huey P. Long Bridge over the Mississippi River at New Orleans, all constructed from 1928 to 1935; a State capitol of unexcelled design, architecture, and beauty to house the entire State administration; New Orleans' million-dollar lake-shore development, including sea wall and bathing beaches; Shushan Airport, one of the finest in the world, with A-1 rating; hospitals and enlargements thereof and other vital State institutions; gradual amelioration of taxation so as to saddle taxes on those best able to pay, thus retaining Louisiana's finances in above-par status; schoolbooks to all school children of all schools and free transportation to all rural school children, thereby elevating the literate standing of the State of Louisiana to a high-ranking position in the Nation.

Time and again this man who dared champion the cause of the masses went before the people of his beloved State, and he triumphed each successive time with greater majorities. Yet the narrower his opposition the seemingly more prejudiced it became—yes, so prejudiced until one night in the massive corridor of the State capitol he founded and built the assassin's bullet struck Louisiana's leader.

Oh! the ways of the world. Consider the anguish of his family and his friends and the people of Louisiana, whom he loved and who loved him, when that great mortal succumbed to the assassin's bullet on September 10, 1935. The tragedy of Baton Rouge! What in reality was the monument of HUEY PIERCE LONG—his beloved State capitol—turned out to be a Mount Calvary, where he was to shed his blood for the cause of Louisiana.

But HUEY PIERCE LONG did not die without religion. His work seemed to be guided by Divine Providence. The love in his mind uppermost was his God. His heart was one of real prayer and contrition—a prayer to be spared to continue the great work he was executing, a contrition to join his Master, where most of us believe that life just begins.

Alas, Mr. Speaker, we of Louisiana mourn the loss of HUEY PIERCE LONG. We are grieved by his passing, touched by the sorrow of his beloved family. He who gave all he had for Louisiana. He who entrenched himself within the heart of every Louisiana-loving person. He who entrenched himself within the hearts of his fellow men by a service and spirit that became so centrifugal in force and powerful in effect that friendship became cemented. He who underwent the mental tortures of Gethsemane, subservient to his own great mind that subjected him to the one principle, to be a great benefactor for the people he loved; such great devotion that he could not run away from the mental anguish. He who followed the noblest of pursuits courageously and resigned himself to martyrdom. Oh, may his martyrdom only spur us on to continue our beloved late leader's ideals.

For as ye would do unto those, so would you do unto Me.

O Mr. Speaker, Louisiana is grieved for her lost leader, but she is not torn asunder. She is united stronger than ever in a shining, brilliant memory of an uncrowned king who believed in "every man a king", who has answered the call.

His love for God, his love for mankind, his logic, his principles, all blend into one giant hue of brilliant splendor to shine on and on in glamorous memory, in solemn perpetuation, in supreme prestige within the hearts of all who loved him, all who have admired him, throughout Louisiana, the Nation, and the world.

Mr. DEROUEN. Mr. Speaker, it is a sad and solemn occasion whenever we are gathered here to pay tribute of respect and regard to the memory of one of our departed comrades. Yet our meeting here speaks the fact that great men, great in merit of mind, in character of life, in virtue of public integrity, have died. Truly, sir—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The late Senator HUEY P. LONG was not cradled in luxury, nor were the muscles of his early boyhood softened in indulgent ease. He did not have the advantage of a liberal education; but during the years he worked on the farm and kenned his lessons in the village school, he girded himself for his life's work, with vision of advancement and place and achievement that stirred within him. He quickly prepared himself for the profession of law. His rise at the bar was rapid, continuous in its progress, and certain and conspicuous in its achievements. While still a very young man, he was one of the recognized leaders in a bar of exceptional ability. His success not only brought him prominence but also material reward. His imagination was fired with the echoes of political struggle, in which he was only too eager to take a part; and his pulse quickened as out of the mists of the years that stretched before him phantom arms seemed to beckon on to the public arena. He had not long to await his opportunity.

Courage is not a very rare thing; ability is not a very rare thing; superabundant energy is not a very rare thing; vision is not a very rare thing; a quick master mind is not a very rare thing; but it is very, very seldom that we find all these admirable qualities combined in one man as they were

in Senator HUEY P. LONG. He had unlimited courage, wonderful ability, great energy, and a far-reaching vision enrap in a master mind, and for it the country will ever be grateful.

It was my good fortune to know Senator LONG as Public Service Commissioner, as Governor, and as United States Senator. Owing to our strenuous lives in different parts of the country, we were not thrown together in his earlier political life so as to become bosom friends. But we were always on best of terms, although at times we differed on certain policies. When he came to Washington, we began to exchange ideas, and I learned to admire him for his many noble qualities.

From the very beginning of his political history until its close by death, Senator LONG was constantly and conspicuously in the public eye, owing to his ambition, his aggressiveness, his unique personality, and his unparalleled popularity. He was often misjudged, frequently villified and abused by the press; but he towered above all criticism. He was the greatest champion of the masses of the people of our great State of Louisiana. He unshackled them from the old traditional, blue-blood, "ring" politics. He opened their eyes to material progress and development and new forms of legislation. He preached his doctrine of a new day in a better way to great crowds that he held spellbound from the beautiful hills and streams of north Louisiana to the Gulf-kist prairies and marshes of south Louisiana. Thus, with the consciousness of his power and of his predominating influence with the voters, who recognized in him an aggressive exponent of the principles in which they inherently believed, he was content to trust his political fate and fortune to their keeping. And they elected him and his coworkers by unprecedented majorities to the greatest offices of the State.

Although he had his own peculiar way of handling national issues, I soon discovered that he was thoroughly sincere in his convictions and that his every impulse was in sympathy with struggling humanity—the poor laborer, the farmer, the children—as boundless as the fathomless depth of space. He was passionately imbued in his advocacy of better charitable institutions, free schoolbooks, night schools for adults, free public education, including college work, better highways and bridges, mortgage moratorium, share the wealth by a more even distribution of wealth. He was not so much against the rich as he was hungry for means of making everyone happier, healthier, and wealthier—every man a king!

His ideas on national issues, whether we agreed with him or not, gave food for thought. They opened the eyes of many who had not seen the light. He contributed original ideas and ideals in the consideration of national problems that will influence national legislation long after we are gone and forgotten. He planted the seed in younger minds which will replace us in every important office of this land. Through the mediums of the mail, the press, the radio, and on the floor of the United States Senate, he marshaled his ideas and plans and ambition with his whole force and power and logic that made an impression, for or against, on every man, woman, and child of this country.

Senator LONG had one quality which I often thought made his way more difficult for him. He was constantly seeking not the path of the least but that of the most resistance. Pertinacity, persistency, fidelity, and ceaseless activity were the qualities of our departed friend. He was by nature aggressive rather than defensive; communicative rather than receptive. His virtues were positive, not negative virtues. There was nothing passive about the man. His was a nervous, restless, active, inquiring, and doing mind, sometimes belligerent, always forceful; the kind of mind that always presses home the attack and scorns to feint or parry. And how he did love a good fight!

He was one of the most epideictic and panegyric orators of his time. He knew the Bible, and he unsparingly quoted from the Holy Scriptures as his base for almost every issue. He knew human nature and knew how to appeal to their inner feelings and desires. On the political hustings he could arouse the enthusiasm of his audiences as no other

man. He would speak several times a day to crowds that would invariably overflow the largest halls in every parish of our State. The day or night was never too disagreeable, the journey never too long or difficult, and nothing caused him to weaken in presenting his cause, as he saw it, to his people. It was the continuous outpouring of himself, the giving of all that was in him, that contributed so largely to his unparalleled popularity with the voters of Louisiana.

Before he came to the United States Senate he was a national figure. Louisiana made more progress in 4 years than it had in 50 years previous, and Governor Long had been the unquestioned leader in guiding every step of progress. Very characteristic of him, as soon as he took his oath of office as United States Senator he began filling the Chamber and galleries every time he took the floor to thunder his ideas on national legislation. He was an indefatigable worker and surrounded himself with the best posted and most efficient personnel. He had voluminous data at his finger ends. He was a strong debater and participated in many hot verbal contests on the floor of the Senate. He was quick with these apropos bits of repartee so indispensable in a debater. He was neither timid nor half-hearted. There was no trouble to discover how he stood on any major issue. He was either wholly for a proposition or wholly against it, ever alert at his post, unwearied in labor, strong and frank in debate, seeking out and challenging every wrong.

Throughout the South and the Nation there was universal sorrow when he died. His national popularity had not been tested, but he was one of the best known statesmen and had a great following. He was in the full vigor of life. His achievements were merely in their infancy. A great future was ahead of him. Having made himself not only a national figure but an international figure, he would have been a great influence on our national destiny had he lived a few more years.

Sad to realize, Senator Long's voice will never again be heard, but his influence, written in memory's halls, will be felt not only in this generation but for generations to come.

He was a good friend of mine. We often had our little chats in which he would reveal his plans with such vivid determination. I can see him in the last political battle of his career unfurling his battle flag to Louisiana's breezes. I can see him bright and clear of eye, robust in health, and exuberant in spirits. I can see him as he stood in the historic Chamber of the mightiest legislative body on earth, the United States Senate, battling with all the courage of an olden knight for the cause of the poor and oppressed. I can see him when he was the very embodiment of life, intensely human, a man with a host of devoted friends, with strong beliefs, with earnest convictions, with unflinching purpose; and I can see him as he lay cold in death, a victim of an unfortunate circumstance, in the beautiful State capitol building which he erected, surrounded by his loved ones, mourned by his legions of devoted friends, lamented by his thousands of true supporters, with his earthly work done—a remarkable man gone home to meet his God and to receive his reward.

His like we will never see again. His great spirit is at rest. He sleeps in the soil of his native State, snuggled closely to her heart. Sweet be his sleep, glorious his awakening. With peace to his ashes and honor to his memory, permit me to conclude by quoting Theodore O'Hara:

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.
Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Mr. LUNDEEN. Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen of the House—

In the Valley of Decision,
Down the Road of Things-that-are,
You gave to us a vision,
You appointed us a star,
And through Cities of Derision
We followed you from far.
On the Hills beyond Tomorrow,
On the Road of Things-to-do,
With what strength of hand we borrow,
As we borrow soul from you,
We know not sloth nor sorrow,
And we build your vision true.

Senator Long battled forces unconquered by others and insurmountable to the average man, but he was a warrior bold, with unlimited courage and political genius. He held the State of Louisiana in the palm of his hand. He wrote its legislation; he built its hundred-million-dollar roads and its huge bridges; he lifted the State out of the mud; he breathed life and vigor into the university and built a capitol to the heavens; he furnished education to thousands of young men who never before even dreamed of school and college. The people of Louisiana, especially in the rural areas, fairly worshiped the ground he walked on. His enemies found much fault with him; they were bitter in their criticism; they cursed him; they damned him; they threatened to kill him; and finally they did assassinate him.

I cannot help believing the world is better because of HUEY LONG. He came out of an environment of suppression and poverty, from a land of meager opportunities. He burst through the chains that held him and forged ahead to national leadership. When he spoke the Senate galleries and halls were crowded. No other man now in the Senate could do that. The people who drifted into our offices always inquired, "Where is HUEY LONG?" "When can we see Long?" "When will Long speak?" This was so true that it became monotonous. He fascinated the young and he roused the old.

A storm that blows through a neighborhood does damage, and perhaps Long did some damage; but he cleared the way, and he swept the skies clear of the poisonous breath of old-time controlled Louisiana politics. He fought corporate dictatorship. He substituted his own strong control. This he proclaimed as liberty and liberation for the masses.

He aimed at national power. He thundered "Share the wealth" until the Money Trust shuddered in retreat. With poisoned fang Wall Street struck back. He incurred the most deadly hostile opposition, until groups of men met in secret and plotted his death. Strangely enough, on the floor of the Senate he predicted his own assassination. He knew he was a marked man, and that in all probability he would fall on the political battlefield of America.

For when the one Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost—
But how you played the game.

Certainly the band of conspirators who were responsible for HUEY LONG's death played a bloody game, and the chapter which tells of their evil deed reads like the dark pages of the Medieval Ages. I am glad to know that the Legislature of Louisiana recently passed a resolution to investigate the death of HUEY LONG, and I ask that the Congress of the United States pass a resolution of investigation. We are slow to act, it seems. Certainly we are not safe in our political liberties when assassins stalk through the land to strike men down because of their political views and opinions.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

HON. THOMAS D. SCHALL

Mr. ANDRESEN. Mr. Speaker, the sudden and tragic passing of Hon. THOMAS D. SCHALL, a Senator from my home State of Minnesota, terminated the career of one of the most colorful figures in our national public life. His friends loved him for his sterling qualities, and his enemies feared him for his uncompromising and fighting spirit.

The handicap of blindness gave him a second sight, and with the aid of his loving wife he was able to muster facts and information far beyond the capacity of others.

TOM SCHALL, as he loved to be called by his friends, was one of the leading orators of his day. For many years he represented the Tenth Congressional District of Minnesota in this House. The people of Minnesota honored him by electing him as one of its Senators. The rank and file of our citizens had confidence in his ability and integrity and the humble loved him because he was one of them.

Senator SCHALL was a family man. He loved his home and dear ones. Though misfortune came to him and several members of his family, he was always cheerful and carried on his public fight as a crusader of old.

The public service rendered by Senator SCHALL will be written into the pages of the history of Minnesota and the Nation. His untiring efforts and accomplishments will be an inspiration to the youth of America. Blindness did not stop him from reaching his goal. Work and perseverance were rewarded by the people of Minnesota.

I had the privilege of serving in Congress with Senator SCHALL for nearly 10 years, and during these many years I always found him courteous, helpful, and sincere in his effort to properly represent the people of Minnesota in the United States Senate.

A higher power has taken away one of Minnesota's distinguished sons. May this Divine power continue to guide the destiny of our great country in the path of truth and justice.

Mr. KNUTSON. Mr. Speaker, the life and career of THOMAS D. SCHALL, late a Senator from Minnesota, should be an inspiration to every American youth. From early boyhood he was obliged to contend with obstacles that would have discouraged one with a less indomitable will to go forward. Everything that TOM SCHALL got out of life he had to fight for and in doing so formed a character that was unbending and unyielding. His education was attained by burning midnight oil. At the age of 29 he lost his eyesight. He was then a successful lawyer in Minneapolis.

Undaunted by this tragedy, he continued in his chosen field, and with the able assistance of a fine and loyal wife he in a large measure overcame this greatest of all physical handicaps. His ability to memorize what had been read to him was one of his outstanding gifts. His knowledge and grasp of pending legislation was a matter of constant surprise to his friends and coworkers; and this information he sometimes used with telling effect and in such a way as to discomfit his opponents. TOM SCHALL did not know the meaning of the word "fear." Indeed, fearlessness was one of his outstanding characteristics. Senator SCHALL was an orator of exceptional ability and as a campaigner had few equals in our part of the country. Certainly none excelled him. His departure was a severe loss to his party, especially at this particular time when there is such a tragic dearth of those who dare to speak their mind on current events and happenings. The loss is national rather than sectional, and in the coming contest he will be greatly missed.

May his soul know that peace that was denied it here on earth.

Mr. MAAS. Mr. Speaker, the death of THOMAS D. SCHALL, late Senator, State of Minnesota, has taken from the national arena one of its most colorful and forceful figures. TOM SCHALL, as he preferred to be called, was always on the firing line. He served for a number of terms in the House of Representatives and then the people of Minnesota promoted him to the United States Senate. In both Houses he was always energetic, active, and effective. To him, obsta-

cles were stepping stones, and though much tragedy visited his life, his indomitable spirit carried him on with unflinching cheerfulness. Although blind he saw much that many of us with our normal eyesight failed to see. He had one of the most remarkable memories of his time and one that often produced awe in those around him. He was blessed with a devoted and loving wife, who was in fact his eyes for him. She was constantly at his side, reading to him the written words which he committed to memory with great fidelity.

TOM SCHALL was always a crusader. His life and career were indeed colorful and can be the inspiration to the youth of America as an example of a man who fought his way from humble origin to the highest places. Though gone, Tom will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. PITTENGER. Mr. Speaker, I was present at the funeral of the Honorable THOMAS D. SCHALL, Senator from Minnesota, on December 26, 1935. No finer tribute has ever been given to the memory of a public servant than the tribute paid the late Senator SCHALL by Rev. Charles Fox Davis, who delivered the funeral sermon.

The services were held in the beautiful Lakewood Chapel, Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis, Minn.

Reverend Davis, a life-long friend of the Senator, spoke as follows:

My friends, after having listened to the sweet songs of the soul which were sung, and after having repeated the words of the gentle Nazarene who lifted the veil of the future as none other ever has or will, and having offered our prayer to our Heavenly Father whose love broods over men at all times and everywhere, and having felt the soft appeal of the organ notes which sometimes moves the soul within us more profoundly than articulate words, it would be a simple thing for us to take a last look at the quiet face of our friend who lies so still beneath the national emblem—the American flag—and the flowers, and then watch loving hands carry his broken body to its earthly resting place beneath the snows of winter in the bosom of mother earth in this silent city of the dead. But, because it is the custom of the day, after our loved ones slip away from us, to pay gentle tribute to their memories, this we do in our friend's memory at this time.

"IF LIFE WERE ALL

"If life were all,
Where were the recompense
For all our tears?
The troubled toil
Of all the long drawn years,
The struggle to survive,
The passing show,
Were scarce worth while
If life were all.

"If life were all,
What were it worth to live?
To build in pain,
So soon to learn
Our building were but vain,
And then to pass to some vain nothingness,
Were scarce worth while,
If life were all.

"If life were all,
How might we bear
Our poor heart's grief,
Our partings frequent,
And our pleasures brief?
The cup pressed to the lips,
Then snatched away,
Were scarce worth looking on,
If life were all.

"Life is not all,
We build eternally,
And what is ours today
To make existence such,
Is ours always.
We stand on solid ground
That lasts from aye to aye,
And makes earth's sojourn worth the while,
Life is not all, I say.

"Life is not all,
I do not understand the plans;
I only know that God is good,
And that his strength sustains.
I only know that God is just;
So in the starless, songless night,
I lift my heart to Him and trust;
And God my spirit witness gives,
Life is not all."

—Anonymous.

Firmly we believe with the poet, as did our friend gone, that life is not all; that beyond that bank of shadows which men call death there is another life where we take up the higher, eternal tasks prepared for those who leave their earthly trestle boards upon which they have done so well with their earthly problems.

"Death is another Life.
We bow our heads
And, going out, we think,
And enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

—Anonymous.

The entire State of Minnesota, as well as the Nation, was shocked and saddened when it was flashed from Washington through radio, telegraph, and newspaper that Minnesota's junior Senator, THOMAS D. SCHALL, had been stricken down in an automobile accident; that the doctors in charge gave but slight hope of recovery, and each bulletin issued by them from the Senator's couch of pain was eagerly awaited, while prayers went up to God that his useful career to his State and the Nation might not be broken, for men and women of all political faiths joined in the prayer that his busy and useful life might be spared. For all leaders were in demand in the council chambers of the Nation, and not one could be spared until order was brought out of chaos, and a happy, contented America return once again.

It was last Sunday at noon that I sat listening to the radio, being stirred in my soul by the Christmas music with which the ether was charged and surcharged. Coming from the great choir of some cathedral was the Gloria in Excelsis, rendered with much feeling and beauty, when suddenly and abruptly the anthem stopped and a voice tremulous with emotion announced the sad fact that Senator SCHALL had passed; that suddenly the silver chord had been loosened, life's golden bowl broken, and that he had come to the end of life's trail and had crossed the Great Divide and had entered that nightless, painless, deathless land. That his soul had—

"Climbed the great world's altar stairs,
Which slope through darkness up to God."

My thoughts, made cheerful and meditative by the sweet music to which I had been listening, had been along the line of how Christmas was such a magician to humanity each year; how Father Time had turned Christmas into a beautiful golden drawbridge for the transit of the old year and the advent of a new one, thus relieving the old year of much of its regret and giving added courage to all to commence with faith and hope the new one approaching. I am used to the immediate and sudden in my work as a minister, but I tell you that the announcement coming in the midst of a beautiful anthem made me stop the music, arise, and enter into another room, making me deeply meditative. I began to try to reconcile the providence of Him of whom it is written, "He is too wise to err and too good to be unkind", with the tragic, swift death of our friend. I became perplexed in my trying to reason the problem out, for life at times seems so chaotic, purposeless, disconnected, and strange, as though the good Father above were not keeping house and we seem to be living in an orphaned world; that there is no kindly Providence arching our lives. Then there came into my memory the words of the poet:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Then quiet came to me, and another voice more beautiful than an earthly poet's whispered, "What I do now thou knowest not; but thou shalt know hereafter. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." After that I understood. To understand our friend's sudden home going called for faith, and that reason could not solve it—but "some day we'll understand."

Our friend was cut down in the morning of life's afternoon. Had he but have reached 80 golden summers, while there would have been sorrow at his going, we would have said that it was a warrior who had fought his fight, run his race, and, after having served his day and generation, had fallen upon sleep. For just as the farmer, when the summer sun has done its ripening work upon the fields, goes in and reaps the golden grain, even so does that reaper, Death, gather the aged from our firesides—love them as we may. However we may love the aged about us, when they leave us we feel that they have rounded out their lives and leave us for that country where the inhabitants never grow old and the gates of that city are never shut.

Yes; taken away from us in the morning of life's afternoon. From the many physical activities and exercises he was taking daily; from his practice of walking, horseback riding, shooting, and other vigorous things he was doing to keep both body and mind alert; with his versatility of nature's gifts and those acquired, it is no wonder that we learned that his gifts were clicking as never before and that he was fully preparing himself for the impending political battle and congressional debate which were so close at hand, for he was always getting a good start, so as to be ready for the great and trying tasks which are plainly visible on the national horizon.

Further, within his active personality there were ideals he had never reached; programs he was planning to carry out, and loved ones to care and plan for. TOM SCHALL, with his fighting heart, had already scented the battle from afar, and never was better pre-

pared, so I have learned from his friends, to enter into discussion with his colleagues of various political faiths in Washington, to try to solve the great socio-political-economic problems which are awaiting a solution at the hands of the American people, and must be solved, and that rightly, if America is to reach her ultimate destiny. He stood ready with pen, on platform, and in debate, to do his part at this most critical juncture of the Nation's life. Yet suddenly, "in the twinkling of an eye", the "last clear call came", and he has changed worlds.

There is a text in the Old Book which seemingly symbolizes his swift passing. It reads: "His sun is gone down while it is yet day." You have watched the sun in the early morning come through the gates of the east with a flaming sunrise. Suddenly you have seen the whole earth illuminated with light, the golden beams of the rising sun shining through the interstices of the foliage, and within yourself you have said: "Today will be glorious with golden sun and blue sky above." But at noon, looking toward the south, no sun was to be seen. During the morning the drab, slaty clouds sprang up in the west and covered the blue dome and sun, and when you looked toward the west at eventide there was no sun sinking amid a sea of purple glory. Practically the sun went down while it was yet day.

Senator SCHALL's eventful life was a sun, and from it radiated hope, courage, light, truth, justice, and a real patriot's love for his own America. He possessed qualities of heart and mind which make a man a man wherever you might meet him. There is no need, though I knew him closely for many years, of my summing up those qualities here this hour. Let me quote to you a few excerpts from others, selected from the newspapers of the land in which there were columns in his favor. Let me also add that these eulogies were written in the calm of editorial rooms, whose papers, many of them, were strongly partisan and not alined with the political party or faith of our friend gone. They were written by men who had worked side by side with him in the interests of the Nation for two decades and more, and they speak of intimacy with him. Here are a few of them:

"A man of character, ability, and brilliancy, self-made and well made. A graduate of the University of Minnesota and also a college of law, with degrees from both, with a postgraduate course in the school of hard knocks and adversity."

"A vigorous and striking personality in the political life of the Nation."

"He had a fighting heart and asked no quarter."

"SCHALL's work and influence in the council chambers of the Nation was of the highest order."

"He was a careful, painstaking, conscientious representative of the people. Had he two eyes he could not have been more efficient than he was."

"TOM SCHALL's struggle to State and National recognition is one of the most stirring stories of the State of Minnesota, or any State in the Union, for that matter."

"An outstanding example of ability and ambition transcending physical handicap that triumphed over affliction."

"He impressed his personality and opinions upon the Nation and also his colleagues. His forceful personality will be very much missed."

Further, it was the late outstanding Theodore Roosevelt who said of Senator SCHALL: "I believe in TOM SCHALL with all my heart."

I have been reading to you the exact words taken but yesterday from the press of this Nation, by outstanding men, some of whom were his political opponents throughout his career, which prove conclusively of his place, standing, and value as a man and statesman. May I not add the words of the Book of Books, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

I knew our friend close-up for many years, in his home life, professional life, and with my visits with him at Washington when engrossed with national problems. Many years ago I was invited to attend an oratorical contest at the State university. Being interested as a young man in that phase of university life, I attended it with one of the professors of the institution. I did not know any of the contestants personally at the time. I listened in an impartial way to the different youthful orators, but there was one in that gathering that gripped me tremendously, by his voice, delivery, and subject matter. I had observed the fact that he was not as well dressed or groomed as the others, but I felt that nature had given to him in excess of the others on the program one of her unpurchasable gifts—the power of impartation. My friend with me predicted good things in the coming years for the young man, and I was of the same opinion. Further, I have on record what President Northrop and also what Dr. Richard Burton predicted concerning him, both of whose predictions came true. Yes; his power of speech, courage, force of character, rugged individualism gave him an individuality all his own.

My friends, our friend's struggle with poverty as a lad, his career from the first hour he came to Minnesota, commencing with the task of caring for horses and cattle on the hills and in the valleys of Ortonville, that town that is on the border line between South Dakota and Minnesota—"out where the West begins"—on up through the years, through graded school, high school, the higher seats of learning, soon after graduating from the University of Minnesota and a college of law; having his natural eyes forever darkened through total blindness; still onward until he reached one of the few highest seats in the Nation's Capitol, is as courageous, as challenging, and inspiring a biography as I know anything about in the annals of American history. Thousands upon thousands who struggle for the honors which came to our friend, with every comfort and protection of parents, home life, affluence,

and other struggle-saving means, fall in the attempt, but Tom SCHALL, overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties, arrived. It is a living illustration of the quatrain:

"The heights of great men, reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling onward thru the night."

THE SOUL OF TOM SCHALL

I knew the soul of TOM SCHALL. Far on into the night in the quiet of his own home we have discussed such profundities as God, the great Teacher of the soul, the gentle Nazarene, immortality, religion, and other kindred things. Sometimes political and also national problems were the topic of conversation, but I never talked with him but that religion was injected into the conversation. TOM SCHALL lived in a large universe and gave the Creator plenty of room to work His sovereign will. I never heard him criticize a man's religion in all the years I knew him. He permitted his fellow citizens to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. I found him well versed in comparative religion, particularly the religions now extant. He knew both the modern and the conservative interpretation of the great beatitudes of the Christ; but the fundamentals, love to God and to one's neighbor, were the great principles which actuated his life. He always endeavored to "live by the side of the road and be a friend to man." Lastly, time and again he has told me, as friend to friend, that from a youth up through the years he had always been inspired with the thought that God had called him to do a special work, and that was the secret of his success. Others to whom he had whispered the secret of his own soul have always told me that this thought of God being with him, he had admitted, was the secret of his success. Let us not wonder, then, that he fought like a crusader and died with his armor on. But he has gone from us! Gone—did I say?

"No; I cannot and I will not say
That he is dead.
He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has entered into that unknown land,
And left us dreaming, how very fair it
Needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you, O you, who the wildest yearn,
For the old-time step and the glad return;
Think of him, passing on as fair in the love
Of there, as the love of here.
Think of him still as the same, I say.
He is not dead. He's just away."

—Riley.

To his beloved family, whom he loved so fondly that no language spoken could fathom its depths of meanings, if your loved one could but speak to you audibly here and now, in the language of another, I am sure that this is what he would say:

"Let there be no funeral gloom, my dears,
Now that I am gone.
No black raiment or graveyard grimness.
Think of me as having withdrawn into the dimness,
Yours still, and you mine.
Think and remember only the sweetest of our love together,
And, forgetting the rest,
Where I wait, come thou gently on."

And now, in a very little while, after his own brethren of the Masonic fraternity have uttered their beautiful funeral ritual over their sacred dead, loving hands will take his silent form and bear it away to a sacred spot in this silent city where lie the wasted forms of so many of our kith and kin, and gently they will lay it down beneath the white drifted snow, forever out of human sight. Of that quiet moment and place, let me offer this prayer:

"Warm summer sun, shine brightly there,
Warm summer wind, blow gently there;
Green sward above, lie light, lie light,
Good night, my friend! Good night! Good night!"

Mr. BUCKLER of Minnesota. Mr. Speaker, it is my privilege to speak in memory of the late Senator of my State of Minnesota, Senator THOMAS DAVID SCHALL. Senator SCHALL, having been born in Michigan, was not a native of Minnesota, but much of what he came to be was a product of that State and a symbol of a rugged period in its history.

Life to Senator SCHALL was a fight. He fought deprivation and obstacles as a boy. He fought for and won the opportunity of an education. He stuck to his course when others around him were dropping out for the then greater attractions of that young man's country, and at the age of 27 was admitted to practice law before the courts of his State. And later, at the age of 30, with all of the major obstacles safely hurdled—or so he thought—he suddenly confronted an even greater hurdle—blindness. Then began his greatest fight, a fight that led him to the highest political gift to be had in the State; a fight that continued unceasingly through a stormy political career and that did not end until life itself had ended.

Senator SCHALL, during those early years of struggle, had seen sights and dreamed dreams that were to his liking. This vision he continued to see. It was a vision of a golden age of opportunity. Minnesota was growing up and was enjoying the advantages of realistic maturity with the still keen enthusiasm of youth. Truly was it a golden age—golden grain moving in mile-long trainload after mile-long trainload into his Mill City of Minneapolis, millions of tubs of golden butter rolling through to the far centers of civilization, and in return for all of this a golden stream of financial aid for the building of a western empire. What matter that much of this was due to be changed? Senator SCHALL had seen it; he foresaw it as returning in the good old way; he continued to keep and to nurse and to fight for his vision.

It was not easy for Senator SCHALL to accept the changes of this changing age. In fact, acceptance of some of them was to him impossible. But to disapprove was not to be disinterested. Few men on either side of the Congress ever took keener interest in the proceedings, and no Member was ever more alert to the individual requests of his constituents. He fought for his friends and against those who opposed him. He fought with utmost courage and with utter disregard for the consequences of the bitterness of his attack.

Senator SCHALL has passed on, and with him has gone much that was symbolic of a picturesque period in the political progress of his State.

Minnesota and the Nation have lost a colorful and vigorous fighter.

Mr. LUNDEEN. Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen of the House, THOMAS DAVID SCHALL, a Representative and Senator from Minnesota, was born in Reed City, Osceola County, Mich., June 4, 1878; moved with his mother to Campbell, Minn., in 1884; attended the common schools of Wheaton, Ortonville High School, and Hamline University, St. Paul; was graduated from the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis in 1902 and from the St. Paul College of Law in 1904; was admitted to the bar in 1904 and commenced practice in Minneapolis. He lost his sight in 1907, but continued the practice of his profession. He was elected as a Republican to the Sixty-fourth and to the succeeding four Congresses, March 4, 1915, to March 4, 1925. He was not a candidate for renomination, having become a candidate for election to the United States Senate. He was elected as a Republican to the United States Senate in 1924 and 1930 for two terms, commencing March 4, 1925, and ending January 3, 1937.

This is an impressive list of political victories won by a man who began as a youth without wealth or position. The road was not always easy. He met defeat in the primaries in 1910, when he ran as a Republican for the legislature, and was defeated for Congress in the Fifth District when he ran as a Progressive in 1912. He also met defeat in the primary of the special election for United States Senate in 1923. These defeats did not stop him. He filed again for the United States Senate in the regular election in 1924. This time he won the Republican nomination by a close vote and won the election by another close vote in the fall.

I first remember TOM SCHALL as a student at Hamline University. I was then at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. The first time I ever saw him was when he stepped on the platform of the Congregational Church at Northfield in the State oratorical contest in 1897. Tom was then a freshman at Hamline University, and he won the State oratorical contest hands down, a feat which to my knowledge has never been duplicated by any other student in the State of Minnesota. Most winners are glad to make that high position in oratory as juniors or seniors.

He later won great renown in debate and oratory at the University of Minnesota, where he won the Pillsbury prize and competed in the Northern Oratorical League contests. This gift of speech served him well during his political campaigns. Generally he battled against the forces in power. Through campaign speeches and meeting the people in every town and crossroad, once elected he proved invincible in Minnesota.

Let it be said for SCHALL that he usually had the opposition of the great press of the State. Very few papers supported him. He announced his creed, "the Thomas Schall creed", and based his campaign upon this program. His campaigns were always hard fought; his enemies struck at him viciously, and he quadrupled the blows in return.

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

A sight that will long linger in the minds of Minnesotans is of a street corner near the center of some village with TOM SCHALL talking from the back of an automobile or out in the country talking from some picnic platform. There he was thoroughly at home and delivered long political speeches which dealt with the situation from the Schall viewpoint.

I did not belong to his political party. I often differed with his views on some very important questions, but I must say for SCHALL that he was never afraid of any man, anywhere, at any time. He fought for his rights, according to the political education of the group with which he associated. He inspired sincere loyalty on the part of his closest followers, who were generally poor and without means of political contribution. This is especially true of the primary campaigns. In the fall election, with a few notable exceptions, he had the support of the regular Republican organization.

A man who served more than 20 years in the American Congress—10 in the House of Representatives and more than 10 in the Senate—leaves his mark upon the history of his time. Serving upon important committees, and occasionally blazing forth in strong and vivid language, he captured the imagination of his State. He was a commanding figure and became the center of every group into which he entered. His untimely death, in the very prime of life, when he was girding himself for a new battle, leaves the State of Minnesota stunned with the sorrow that one of its leaders has passed on.

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.

A large group of friends and fellow citizens of TOM SCHALL attended services at Lakewood, December 26, 1935. It was a bitterly cold day. The large chapel was too small for those who wished to attend and many waited in the cold outside. The Reverend Charles Fox Davis delivered the address, one of the most touching and eloquent I have ever heard, and I ask you to read his remarks as reprinted in the permanent RECORD of Congress, by Congressman WILLIAM A. PITTINGER, on April 21, 1936.

It may be claimed for and said of him;
He was a large figure in the life of the Nation;
He occupied commanding positions in the Congress;
He left a deep and lasting impress on his day and generation.

TOM SCHALL selected his ladder and he climbed to the very top.

HON. CAP R. CARDEN

Mr. SPENCE. Mr. Speaker, in the death of Hon. CAP R. CARDEN the Nation has lost an honest, faithful, and capable public servant; his family a loving and devoted husband and father; and his colleagues a loyal, companionable friend.

Mr. CARDEN was born in Hart County, Ky., on December 17, 1866, the son of William P. and Frances M. Carden. He began the practice of law at Munfordville, in Hart County, Ky., in 1895. He served a term as sheriff and a term as county attorney of his county, and also served as master commissioner of the circuit court of Hart County for many years. He organized the Munfordville Bridge Co., which constructed a bridge over the Green River at that place. The bridge has since been taken over by the State of Kentucky and is now part of a national highway. He was an active promoter of the Mammoth Cave National Park and took great interest in that project. He was elected to the Seventy-second Congress from the Fourth District, to the Seventy-third Congress from the State at large, and to the Seventy-fourth Congress again from the Fourth District.

Throughout his congressional career he served upon the Committee on Agriculture. His district was almost entirely an agricultural district and he was deeply interested in the subject which meant so much for the happiness and prosperity of his people. He knew from experience the hardships and the ceaseless toil of the farmer. His constant desire was to help him to make his lot more pleasant.

During the first session of the Seventy-fourth Congress Mr. CARDEN was taken ill while in Washington. He was removed to his home in Kentucky, where he departed this life on June 13, 1935.

The fine qualities of Mr. CARDEN's mind and heart were recognized by the many friends he made among his colleagues. CAP CARDEN was a plain man of the people. He knew their hopes and their aspirations. He thought as they did. His love for his people and his home was not vocal but was deep-seated and constant. While he had a sincere and enthusiastic desire to serve his people, and the consciousness of the service he was rendering them gave him a deep sense of satisfaction and pleasure, the glamour of Congress appealed to him very little, for his heart was always in the hills of Kentucky among the people he loved and who loved him.

CAP CARDEN was a sincere and genuine man. Hypocrisy and false pretense had no place in his character. He was a keen and farseeing businessman, as his success in the little town which was his home during his entire life of almost threescore years and ten well attests. To his intimate acquaintances CAP CARDEN never appeared as one who had almost lived his allotted span or who had arrived at the place in life where the shadows are cast to the eastward. His cheery disposition, his enjoyment of life, his kindness made one regard him as still among the young.

It was my good fortune to take a trip to Hawaii with Mr. CARDEN a few years ago. While he never intruded or forced himself on others or apparently sought new acquaintances, it was not long before many of his fellow voyagers were calling him by his given name, and his companionship and presence were always sought in the jolly parties on the boat.

He had a deep-seated and abiding love for his home and his family, and his ambition was to enjoy his declining years in the quiet of his country home among his family and friends. He had announced he would not again be a candidate for Congress. His service here will be missed; others may take his place, the work he performed will go on, but the void this kindly, gentle, faithful man left in the hearts of those who knew him cannot be filled.

CAP CARDEN exemplified by his life the soundness of the philosophy that before you can receive you must give; that you can only get out of life what you put into it. Mr. CARDEN gave to the country his self-sacrificing service and his absolute loyalty; to his family, his unbounded devotion; and to his friends, his sincere friendship; and he received from his family and friends what he gave. The qualities of loyalty, friendship, and kindness which he possessed can never die. CAP CARDEN made the world happier and better for having been here. I am sure that somewhere over yonder where the ties of friendship are never broken we shall meet him again.

The works of divine Providence are hard to fathom. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Why CAP CARDEN should have been stricken while in robust health and taken from his field of usefulness, his devoted family, and his many friends when he apparently had many years of useful, happy life before him, we do not know, but we must bow in submission to the Divine will.

The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your pety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

It may truthfully be said of Mr. CARDEN—

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

Mr. MAY. Mr. Speaker, I rise for the purpose of paying appropriate tribute to the life and character of my late colleague, a Representative from the State of Kentucky, the Honorable CAP R. CARDEN, with whom I have had the honor to serve in this august body. He, with others of our colleagues, has answered the final call of the roll and has shuffled off the mortal coil and laid down to pleasant dreams. To know him was to love and respect him. He was born and grew up on a farm and at an early period in his young manhood showed such aptitude in the study of his chosen profession of the law that he was early admitted to practice in the courts of his native State.

By habits of diligence, industry, and close application to the study of his profession he soon became a leader of the bar of his State, and as such accumulated a comfortable estate, which by shrewd methods of investment and habits of thrift and frugality at the time of his untimely death amounted to a comfortable fortune. He was not only a successful lawyer and businessman of ability, but was likewise a profound student of the science of government and a faithful and fearless defender of the faith of the founders of the Republic. He was steadfast and unfailing in his loyalty and devotion to principle. Politically he was a Democrat, but never a partisan and ever a friend to all. From the early spring of youth through the ripening years of mature manhood he struggled and toiled for the things in which he believed and yet never rejoiced in the fall of even the most bitter antagonist. He was a man of deep and abiding conviction, of undaunted courage, and had uniform respect for the rights of others. He was a friend to man and loved to respect and recognize the liberty of the individual citizen. To disagree with his colleagues in their views upon public questions, which he often did, never carried in his heart and mind any lack of regard or respect for the views of others.

I believe it was Voltaire who, upon a historic occasion, once said of an opponent, "I wholly disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it", and to me, that, in a few words, symbolizes the whole career of the late CAP R. CARDEN, when dealing with those who opposed him in debate anywhere, everywhere, and all the time. He first came to this House in 1930, when dark clouds of depression hung heavily over the land, and yet he never, in all the dark days and distressing months and years that followed, lost faith in the virtue and ultimate triumph of his country. The years of his service here were times that demanded leadership of brave men, and he was at all times equal to the occasion and always measured up to the full stature of noble manhood. He was an optimist whose vision enabled him to see through the darkest clouds and behold the sunshine beyond. Finally, destiny decreed that he should pass, and wrapping the drapery of his couch around him, he laid down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. CREAL. Mr. Speaker, on the 13th day of June, 1935, death took from this House CAP R. CARDEN, who was serving his fifth year in Congress from the Fourth District of Kentucky, the district of Abraham Lincoln and Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. I had known him since I was a boy.

His life was one of broad and varied experience. A lawyer, banker, farmer, and public official—he was successful in all. He was retiring, modest, and never sought publicity or display of his talents; but he was a sound thinker, a safe, conservative businessman, and a man with the kind of well-balanced judgment which made him a valuable member of this body.

He voted at all times in accordance with his judgment and never catered to fads or wild schemes often proposed in this body. He was democratic in the extreme and met all men on terms of equality.

He had purchased the beautiful old homestead and farm of the former Governor of Kentucky and Confederate General, Simon Bolivar Buckner, a short distance away from the town of Munfordville, near the beautiful Green River, with its quiet, picturesque hills, such as abound only in Kentucky. He often expressed himself as intending to retire there after his term expired and spend his remaining days

in that ideal retreat where nature smiles benevolently and broadly on the Glen Lily Farm in the Green River Valley.

So long a familiar figure in the business life of his community and at the courthouse in his home town, it is difficult to imagine that there has departed from their midst this substantial, quiet, able, genial, typical Kentuckian, CAP R. CARDEN.

HON. CHARLES VILAS TRUAX

Mr. ASHBROOK. Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen of the House, we are gathered here today in this historic Chamber to pay brief tribute to the memory of our colleagues who have fallen by the way during the past year. This is indeed a beautiful custom which I trust will never be abandoned. When I first came to Congress 30 years ago these memorial services were held at frequent intervals on the Sabbath day. Just why and when that custom was changed I do not know, but it occurs to me that there was more solemnity, more sacredness, more heart and feeling in the service in the old days in the old way, but possibly since I am no longer young it is not easy for me to tune myself to present-day ways and customs. I am happy, however, to be living in this modernistic age even though my love for the little red schoolhouse and the horse-and-buggy days will never quite disappear or be supplanted.

To serve as a Member of Congress is an honor and distinction which relatively few are permitted to enjoy. Those of us who are thus honored owe it to ourselves, to our constituents, and to our great Nation not only to live circumspectly but to discharge our duties honestly, faithfully, and intelligently; supporting the Constitution upon which our great Government rests to the best of our ability and understanding so that when on an occasion like the one which brings us together this afternoon—and it will come to all—final tribute may be truthfully and honestly paid to our memory, which will bring pride to the hearts of our friends and loved ones. An untarnished escutcheon, a well-spent and useful life, and an honorable name are the best heritage we can leave to our loved ones and friends who have so signally honored us.

And may I here pay what I consider a deserving and honest tribute not only to the ones whose memories are freshest in our minds today but to all who have served or now serve in both House and Senate during the past 30 years, which includes the period of my acquaintance and service in Congress. During the span of three decades I have known possibly 2,000 Members who have come and gone; many men of many minds, but all actuated, I am sure, by high and patriotic purpose. I have not known all intimately and well, but sufficiently so that I feel warranted in making this broad, blanket statement, that nowhere can a higher type of citizenship be found in this or any other Nation than the chosen Representatives of the people who have here served and yet serve here.

I will grant, regrettably, a few instances have been manifest where the weakness of the flesh and possibly the intellect predominated. But easily 99 percent of that large number reflected only honor and credit upon themselves and their constituencies. And so my colleagues I repeat that it is an honor and distinction to serve as a representative of the 130,000,000 people of our great Nation. And may I here say that I sincerely believe nothing that I may pass on to those nearest and dearest to me will equal the knowledge that I was a humble Representative of the American people for many years, and that I strived as best I knew to honestly and faithfully discharge my duties here.

Mr. Speaker, I had some acquaintance with the two Senators and the five Representatives in whose honor we are assembled. They were all human, but I am sure had honest intent to discharge their duties as best they could with the light given them. I wish, however, to briefly pay especial tribute to my colleague, the Hon. CHARLES V. TRUAX, Representative at Large, from my State, Ohio. I had known him and of him casually for several years, but not until the campaign of 2 years ago, when our contacts were frequent, did my acquaintance become intimate and personal, which with

service in this body with him ripened into friendship, respect, and good will.

Congressman TRUAX served as director of agriculture of Ohio for 6 years, during the three terms of Gov. VIC DONAHAY. He was active and prominent in all farm organizations. He was a friend and champion of the farmer and agricultural interests, as well as of the soldier and the common people, whom God must have loved best else he would not have made so many of them. He was nominated for United States Senator in 1928, and while he received more than 300,000 more votes than the head of the State ticket he was defeated in the Hoover landslide. He was nominated for Congressman at Large in 1932, defeating a field of 11 candidates, and elected to the Seventy-third Congress. He was reelected to the present Congress in 1934, and doubtless had he more carefully conserved his health and physical resources—the failure of which brought the untimely close of his brilliant career—he would have continued here indefinitely without much doubt as the exponent and defender of equal justice and the rights of all the people.

We have all seen his striking and stalwart figure on many occasions pace back and forth in this Well like an infuriated animal at bay, denouncing in loud stentorian tones the things he believed vicious and bad. No more outspoken and courageous Representative ever served here than CHARLES V. TRUAX. He was a valiant warrior for the rights of the common people as he saw them, and an unconquered and unsubdued foe of corporate and corrupt interests. Ofttimes, perhaps, you could not agree, but I know you gave him credit for honesty and sincerity. He was an advocate to be courted, a foe to fear, but when the storm passed, the battle fought, he was as gentle, as kind, and as gracious as a sweet and lovely woman. No one doubted his courage, his honesty, his sincerity. He was gifted by nature as an orator. His fluent tongue, his strong, resounding voice, his fertile brain, each is stilled; but the memory of his many fine traits of character, his battle for the rights of the people, and his achievements will not soon be forgotten by those who knew and admired him. After life's fitful fever I am sure CHARLES V. TRUAX sleeps well.

Mr. FLETCHER. Mr. Speaker, on this memorial-day occasion I desire to pay tribute to Hon. CHARLES V. TRUAX, late Representative at Large from my State of Ohio. He was my distinguished colleague, neighbor, and friend.

Mr. TRUAX was a resident of Wyandot County in the congressional district which I have the honor to represent. We were closely associated in Congress. In many respects our interests in legislation paralleled through the years we served in this body.

CHARLES V. TRUAX championed the cause of the common people. In this he was earnest, sincere, and courageous.

He was one of the most picturesque and striking figures in the House of Representatives, where he often gave expression to his pride in being a son of the soil and a true dirt farmer.

Few men knew the needs of the farmers of our State as did Mr. TRUAX and few worked so earnestly and determinedly in sponsoring their welfare. Born and reared on an Ohio farm near Sycamore and educated in the rural schools, Mr. TRUAX rose to his place of distinction in State and National politics through ability and hard work.

He served our State as director of agriculture for a period of 7 years, beginning in 1923; chairman of his county committee; delegate to the national convention in 1924; nominated for United States Senator in 1928; and twice elected Congressman at Large from Ohio.

Mr. TRUAX always truly represented the masses of the people as director of agriculture in the State of Ohio and as a Member of Congress.

He is credited with being one of the best State-fair managers Ohio has ever known. One of his greatest achievements as director of agriculture was his successful management of big Ohio State fairs for a period of 6 years.

It was my privilege to know him for many years. I am familiar with the outstanding record he made for the cause

of the underprivileged, in whose behalf he gave unstintingly of his time, energy, and ability.

He was an indefatigable worker both in and out of Congress. His courageous service in the House and his honesty and sincerity of purpose are well and favorably known.

Citizens of Ohio have suffered the loss of one of their most useful legislators. The passing of my colleague takes from the State of Ohio and the Nation one of its outstanding political leaders and most distinguished citizens. His record of public service and his efforts to serve humanity, according to his understanding and convictions, will ever serve as an inspiration for those who follow.

CHARLES V. TRUAX was one of the most useful Members of the United States Congress. It is a tragedy that a man so young, so brilliant, and so much needed in the Halls of Congress should be taken away at the height of his usefulness and power.

Mr. LUNDEEN. Mr. Speaker, one of the finest and most progressive Congressmen I have ever known was CHARLES V. TRUAX, of Bucyrus, Ohio. Whenever the people needed a champion on the floor of the House of Representatives his voice came ringing through the Halls of Congress. He invariably voted with the people on issues between human rights and property rights.

The day Congressman TRUAX passed from this life we had a meeting of the Labor Committee in room 429 of the Old House Office Building. When we left the committee room TRUAX and I walked down the fourth floor lobby, took the elevator down to the street floor, walked across the street, and into the New House Office Building, to our office room, 1022. He stepped into our office, greeted the people there, looked out upon the courtyard and fountain, exchanged some friendly remarks, and left our office and the building forever. Within a few hours from that moment he went to meet his Maker.

I remember distinctly the debate on social-security legislation when the Lundeen bill (H. R. 2827) was before the House after being reported favorably by the Committee on Labor. The able chairman of that committee, the Honorable WILLIAM P. CONNERY, had just spoken in favor of the bill, and others had championed social-security legislation along these lines, when up rose CHARLIE TRUAX, thundering:

There is only one thing that I see wrong with this bill. The gentleman from Minnesota in his bill proposes to tax inheritances, gifts, and all annual incomes of individuals and corporations in excess of \$5,000 per year. This provision of the bill, in my judgment, does not go far enough. We ought to tap right now, once and for all time, every fortune in this country of ours of \$1,000,000 and over.

And so it was, in battle after battle, whether it was the soldiers' bonus, the Frazier-Lemke bill, or farmers' or labor legislation, CHARLES TRUAX was always to the front fighting for the people, girded in the armor of righteousness, and a host in himself in every battle. I have never known a man since the days of James R. Mann, minority leader of the House during the war days, who had intimate knowledge of so many individual bills. He was an incessant worker. Long hours, insufficient exercise, and intensive application to congressional duties contributed to his death. He literally died for the people of Ohio and America in the battle for human rights against property rights.

CHARLES V. TRUAX was born on a farm and educated in country and public schools. He was a farmer, specializing in purebred Duroc Jersey hogs. He sold hogs to breeders in every State in the Union, in Canada, South America, Australia, and Japan. He was editor of the *Swine World*, published in Chicago, 1916 to 1921. He visited all hog-raising States as field representative and auctioneer.

He was coorganizer of the first National Swine Show at Omaha, Nebr., in 1917. He was director of agriculture for the State of Ohio 1923 to 1929. He was a delegate and the personal representative of the Governor of Ohio to the National Wheat Conference in Chicago in 1923 and to the National Agricultural Conference in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1926. He was coorganizer with George N. Peek and vice chairman

of the Committee of Twenty-two which sponsored the McNary-Haugen bills of 1926 and 1927.

He was chairman of the Democratic executive and central committees of Wyandot County 1920 to 1924. He was elected member and vice chairman of the Democratic State central committee in 1922, and was a delegate and secretary of the Ohio delegation to the Democratic national convention in New York in 1924. He acted as reading clerk in that convention. He called the roll on the one hundred and third ballot that nominated John W. Davis for President.

In the Democratic primaries of 1928 TRUAX was nominated for United States Senator, defeating a field of four opponents, including Gov. George White. He received 300,000 more votes than the head of the ticket in the general election. He was defeated by Dr. Simeon D. Fess, Republican, in the fall of 1928.

In 1932 he was nominated for Congressman at Large, receiving the highest vote in a field of 11 candidates. He was elected at large to the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congress.

CHARLES TRUAX was a member of the Knights Templar Consistory, the Shriners, Elks, and the Farmers' National Union. He was married and had three children—Dorothea, John, and Charles, Jr.

Those who are left to mourn him, the members of his family, his children, and friends, have every right to be proud of the memory of CHARLIE TRUAX, fighting Congressman from the great State of Ohio. Congressman TRUAX was elected at large in 1932 by 1,206,631 votes, having a majority of 98,070 over his nearest opponent. He was reelected in 1934. I cite these figures to show that his position was overwhelmingly approved by the great State of Ohio, which he so ably represented on the floor of Congress. He was a warrior for the right. Like Saul of old, he could hang his shield upon the wall and truly say, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." The last words he spoke on the floor of the House of Representatives, August 9, 1935, were a plea for the farmer of Ohio and America:

Does not the gentleman believe that it does not make any difference how high the price of hogs or how high the price of cattle, when a particular farmer loses his farm he is out for the balance of his life? There are a half million going to lose their farms because of the failure of this Congress to enact the Frazier-Lemke law. (CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, p. 12819, Aug. 9, 1935.)

He was a man of the soil, born on a farm, and loyal to that great element of American population—the American farmer and the American farm family. Always he had the best interests of the Ohio and American farmer in mind.

Sometimes when TRUAX spoke the House roared its disapproval. His were minority views. He spoke his mind unafraid, braving the ridicule that often fell upon his head. Those who disagreed with his political views pay high tribute to his zealous battle for justice as he saw it. In my mind he was always on the right side, whether or not to be right was easy or popular at the time. To the last he was undaunted by jeers and jest of friend or foe.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth, with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.
Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

For humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

HON. HENRY M. KIMBALL

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, I arise on this occasion to pay my tribute of love, honor, and respect to the life, character, and memory of our late colleague HENRY M. KIMBALL.

My acquaintance with Mr. KIMBALL was coextensive with his entering this body. When he came to Washington in the beginning of the Seventy-fourth Congress we lived at the same hotel; and our contacts, therefore, were more intimate than the professional contacts necessitated by our congressional work.

Mr. KIMBALL was a retiring man, modest to a degree, but behind this apparent reticence there was a most friendly personality. He was in no sense a showman. He was genuine and real in every way. He abhorred the superficial, and judged people for their true worth and not for what they feigned to be.

He was mindful of the responsibilities which membership in this body carries with it. His service was of too short a duration to make it possible for all of us to measure his true value as a legislator. He took his duties in this body seriously. He was a tireless worker, and familiarized himself with each piece of legislation coming before the Congress. His votes were always based upon logic, common sense, and an understanding of what he was doing. While his chief concern was for the common people, as we are want to call them in these days, yet he had little tolerance for those who would agitate class hatred. He believed in the honesty, sincerity, and patriotism of all of our people, and proof alone was necessary before he would condemn.

He often told me, that in his view, a new Member of Congress could best serve his people by doing all things well and by his conduct meriting the confidence and respect of his colleagues. Those who have been in this body for any length of time will well understand that this course of conduct would have made him a power in the days that were to come.

To know HENRY M. KIMBALL was to respect him. He was well prepared for public service; a Christian gentleman with a fine education, a splendid lawyer, with a realization of the obligations of a member of the bar to the public and especially to our Government. Careful reading of good literature made him an entertaining and an interesting conversationalist. He stood well with his fellow men, and in his passing we lose a true friend, a distinguished colleague, and his place will be hard to fill. The memory of this splendid man will linger with us long.

Mr. SADOWSKI. Mr. Speaker, last fall we were all shocked to hear of the sudden and untimely passing of one of our colleagues, the Honorable HENRY M. KIMBALL, of Kalamazoo, Mich. I take this opportunity to pay tribute to his memory.

Although his death came much too soon, Mr. KIMBALL enjoyed a full and active life. He possessed in his fine character and good sense of humor, those qualities which go to make friends everywhere.

A graduate of the University of Michigan, Mr. KIMBALL was actively engaged in the practice of law for 27 years, 17 of these years having been spent in active practice in Kalamazoo. When he was elected to the Seventy-fourth Congress it was the first time he had ever held a public office. However, he was well known and highly regarded in his home city and district, and the people never hesitated to place their trust in him.

Although I had the pleasure of serving with Mr. KIMBALL but one session of the Congress, I had come to know and respect him as a man of high principles and ideals, one who always followed what he considered to be the path of truth and wisdom. He served his State and his district loyally and with distinction. When the welfare of his people was at stake, partisanship was unknown to him. His primary purpose was to serve his country and his people.

Mr. KIMBALL, in the short time he served, had won for himself a place of distinction with his colleagues. The State of Michigan has lost a splendid citizen and the Nation an able counselor and legislator.

Mr. McLEOD. Mr. Speaker, I wish to pay tribute to the memory of my late colleague and fellow member from Michigan the Honorable HENRY M. KIMBALL. His untimely death at the beginning of his service to the public is deplorable.

HENRY M. KIMBALL was born at Orland, Ind., on August 27, 1878. He received his education at Orland, Ind., High School, Hillsdale College, and the University of Michigan Literary and Law Departments. He practiced law for 27 years, the last 17 of which were spent in Kalamazoo, Mich.

I had no personal acquaintance with Mr. KIMBALL until he came to Washington as the Representative of the Third District of Michigan, and am therefore unable to speak of his early life or his accomplishments in business. However, his reputation as an able and capable lawyer extended throughout the State of Michigan.

My association with Mr. KIMBALL here in Congress, although all too brief, was long enough to develop a strong and affectionate friendship for him. He was a man of character, integrity, and ability and he inspired confidence and esteem. I was always deeply impressed by his exceptional devotion to duty and his apparent independence of thought and action. While a loyal partisan member of his party, he followed its leadership only when it was his conviction that to so do was the right and just thing for the best interests of his district, his State, and his country.

Mr. MAIN. Mr. Speaker, a few years ago the Honorable R. A. Nestos, then Governor of the State of North Dakota, was a guest at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. A splendid speaker, generous with his time and talent, he addressed a number of Battle Creek audiences. On one occasion he told a story which has remained embedded in my memory.

Norway, the native home of ex-Governor Nestos, is a land of rugged hills and valleys. The story is that of a young Norwegian who was minded to go out into the mountains to hunt for wild game. As he proceeded into the recesses of the mountains along one of the many valleys, a heavy mist enshrouded him, but he went forward. Presently, confused by the fog and deprived of his normal sense of proportion, he thought he discovered the outlines of a wild beast coming toward him down the mountain side. He raised his gun and was about to fire at this strange figure when the mist suddenly lifted and the young Norwegian discovered that the object which he had taken for a beast of the mountains was, in fact, the figure of one of his brothers carrying on his back another brother who had met with an accident on the hillside.

Prior to the advent of Mr. KIMBALL into the realm of national politics I had known him only as one attorney knows another in a neighboring county seat. We had enjoyed some professional contacts, but I had not had the opportunity of forming a real estimate of the worth and temper of the late Congressman. My viewpoint was obscured in the fog of legal precedent and the formality of the courtroom.

In the primary campaign preceding the nomination of Mr. KIMBALL for the office of Representative of the Third Congressional District I was affiliated with the campaign of his leading opponent. I am glad to say that in the usual smoke screen of political maneuvering I did not aim any barrage of unkind language or personal criticism at Mr. KIMBALL. After his nomination and the smoke of the primary contest had cleared away, I was surprised and delighted to discover that Mr. KIMBALL was in a very real sense a brother of mine, a member of the same national fraternity and of the same chapter of Delta Tau Delta. He had preceded me some years in attendance at Hillsdale College, and prior to his nomination I had not learned of our mutual fraternal relations. This discovery naturally served to deepen the esteem and regard in which I held the late Congressman from the Third District of Michigan.

He was a genial gentleman, with mind and temperament well adapted to intellectual refinements and legal distinctions. He was an ardent and able advocate in defense of our Federal Constitution. To know Mr. KIMBALL was to admire him, and to associate with him, even though on the

opposite side of a lawsuit, was to respect him. The Third Congressional District lost an able Representative in the passing of Mr. KIMBALL. The Nation has lost an unselfish public servant. Mrs. Kimball has lost a most estimable husband. The daughter has lost a splendid father. His many friends have lost a genial comrade. It will be long before the substantial qualities in the character of HENRY M. KIMBALL grow dim in the memory of those who remain to mourn his loss. And never will his unique place in society and public esteem be filled in the same full measure that was so admirably achieved by this gentleman of sterling worth and charming personality.

My hat is off, and I bow in respect and tribute to the name and memory of my distinguished predecessor, my brother in Delta Tau Delta, the Honorable HENRY M. KIMBALL, late of Kalamazoo and the Third Congressional District of Michigan. May his untimely initiation into that greater fraternity, existing beyond the grave, serve to fix more clearly in our minds the ideals and sympathies of a brotherhood—universal in its scope, wide in its charity and affection.

Mr. BROWN of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I include the following address of Marvin J. Schaberg, president of the Kalamazoo (Mich.) Bar Association, at the funeral of the late Representative HENRY M. KIMBALL at Kalamazoo, Mich.:

It has been wisely said, "There are certain fundamental truths which are the crystallized wisdom of the ages founded on centuries of experience with what is good and bad for the human race." These truths form the foundation and groundwork for those rules of action and human conduct which constitute that great social institution which we call "the law", and the application of these principles to the benefit of society depends in no small degree on the extent to which these virtues are exemplified in the lives of those who practice law as a profession.

The life whose memory we honor here today was dedicated to the law a little over a third of a century ago when he began his studies in a class in our great university, of which it was my own good fortune to be a member. From that association and fellowship of years together at the same bar there developed a real appreciation of his manly character and a friendship which has been very dear.

HENRY KIMBALL embodied all that is fine and good in a lawyer. He did not consider his admission to the bar a mere license to obtain a livelihood nor as a means of selfish attainment. He chose his profession, in response to an innermost desire, because he saw and found in it a means of expression of those deeper and noble aspirations of the human soul—a craving to give to his fellow man freely and fully of that which he felt in his own heart he was best able to give, and the law was the vehicle by which he sought to convey those desires. In his dealings with the courts, with his fellow lawyers, and his clients there was always noticeable that deep regard for justice in its full and complete meaning and that pervasive touch of deep responsibility. There was nothing feigned about his purpose. He possessed the confidence of careful preparation and a knowledge of the law and the facts, powerful weapons which he handled with an artful dignity which commanded the highest respect.

In all of his professional contacts there was always noticeable a beauty of kindness, a fragrance of graciousness, the sunlight of gentility and courtesy, yet withal a subtle strength of purpose and determination that won for him an abiding friendship deep in the hearts of his brothers at the bar; and we all join in the sentiment that to him can well and justly be applied—that noble tribute paid long, long ago by one noble soldier to another as the final decree had been rendered, from which there is no appeal: "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up, and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Mr. BLACKNEY. Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege at the beginning of the Seventy-fourth Congress to make the acquaintance of our departed colleague, HENRY M. KIMBALL, of the Third District of Michigan.

This acquaintance quickly deepened into a sincere friendship, based upon his splendid qualities and abilities.

Congressman KIMBALL was a man ideally fitted for the duties and responsibilities of congressional life. He had a splendid educational background, was a fine lawyer, highly respected by both bench and bar, with an especially high concept of the duties of a legal practitioner.

He was a firm believer in the principles of America, a lover of her Constitution, and would have sacrificed his life, if need be, for his country's welfare.

In the short time that Representative KIMBALL served in Congress he made many friendships, and both sides of the House were impressed by his lofty concepts of citizenship, his pleasing personality, and his friendly smile.

Tennyson, in a beautiful poem, said:

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

While our departed colleague has gone to his eternal reward, yet his memory will live on in the minds and hearts of the many men and women whom he loved and served.

Mr. MAPES. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I include the following address delivered by me at the memorial services held for the late Representative HENRY M. KIMBALL at his home in Kalamazoo, Mich.:

HENRY M. KIMBALL took his seat as a Member of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States from the Third Congressional District of Michigan on the 3d day of January last with the hope and confidence on the part of his friends for a long and distinguished career for him in that body and with every reason on his part to look forward to many years of service there. He was stricken early in July after a service of only 6 months, and passed away at his home in Kalamazoo Saturday morning, October 19. His fidelity to his trust and to the commission with which the people of the Third Congressional District had entrusted him, causing him to ignore the warnings of his physician to take a rest from the active and exacting work of his office, undoubtedly hastened his death.

His service in the House of Representatives was short, but long enough to enable him to win the confidence and respect of all with whom he came in contact, and the deep and abiding friendship and affection of those who came to know him well. Quiet and unassuming in his manner, he possessed those qualities of heart and mind which give their possessor eventually a place of influence and leadership in the House of Representatives, as in other walks of life—ability, industry, and integrity.

The Third Congressional District of Michigan has had a long line of able and distinguished men represent it in the House of Representatives. My personal recollection of them goes back to the time when, as a boy in Olivet, I heard the Honorable Julius Caesar Burrows, who then represented the district, deliver one of those eloquent campaign speeches for which he was famous. Since I have been a Member of the House I have been more intimately acquainted with those who have represented the district. As a boy I knew John M. C. Smith. I was in college with Arthur B. Williams, and Joe Hooper and I were close friends. I first met Mr. KIMBALL after the election last year, when he came to Grand Rapids to talk with me about the work and life in Washington, but I soon found that he held the same high standards of public service and possessed the same high character and ability as his predecessors in office had possessed. He was a worthy successor of a worthy line of Representatives.

Mr. KIMBALL entered the House of Representatives well equipped by training and experience for public service. He was a student of public questions and had a good grasp and understanding of them. He was a man of mature judgment, of high character and ability. As a Member of the House he was faithful in his attendance, followed legislation and the debates carefully, and was active and alert in the performance of his duties generally. He was attentive and sympathetic to the requests of his constituents, and active and energetic in looking after their interests individually and the interests of his district as a whole. He was a member of the standing legislative committees of the House on the Census, on the Civil Service, and on Flood Control. He performed all the duties of his office faithfully and well. In his death the Third Congressional District, the State, and the Nation have lost the services of an able, efficient, honest, patriotic, and loyal public servant. His usefulness and influence, if it had been his lot to continue in the House, would unquestionably have increased with the passing of the years.

In the language of a friend on a similar occasion:

"At the meridian of his powers our colleague and friend took his departure from fireside and forum. Why a thing like this should be we do not know; it belongs to the endless mysteries of life. But somehow we know that in the economy of the universe and the endless years it must be well. The voice of Christian faith must speak and give meaning to these fleeting days of life and take from death its blighting tragedy. Somewhere there must be a kingdom where life's deeper meanings are revealed, life's injustices corrected, life's inequalities leveled, life's incompleteness made whole. It must be so in a land of far horizons and cloudless skies. Now we see through a glass darkly; but then, face to face."

As far as I am able to do so, I express the profound admiration and respect and the greatest affection of every member of the Michigan delegation in Congress, irrespective of party, as well as that of my own, for our departed friend and colleague, and extend to the members of his family, his devoted wife and daughter, our deepest sympathy.

HON. WESLEY LLOYD

Mr. SMITH of Washington. Mr. Speaker, when WESLEY LLOYD was suddenly summoned away he left a real void in this House and I lost "for a while" a personal friend whom I had known intimately over 20 years. Our first contacts, which ripened into a lasting friendship, were made in the course of our careers as practicing lawyers in the State of Washington.

In more recent years, in 1932, we both came to Congress together and serve districts which adjoin each other, the district which he represented embracing Tacoma and Pierce County having formerly been a part of the Third District, which I now have the honor to represent in this body. Consequently, WESLEY LLOYD and I had much in common, and each one of us was more or less familiar with the people, conditions, and problems of the district of the other and there existed between us a fine spirit of cooperation and unity of action in regard to many legislative matters vitally affecting the interests and citizens of our respective districts. I frequently sought his suggestions, counsel, and advice, which I valued highly and which he freely bestowed, and he often consulted me. I therefore miss his genial, thoughtful, kindly presence and companionship more than I can find words to express on this occasion.

Mr. Speaker, our departed colleague was an able, industrious, and conscientious Member of Congress who gained the respect and esteem of all those who came to know him. He served with distinction on the great Committee of the Judiciary, which is one of the truly important committees of this House, and the distinguished lawyers who sat with him there came to admire him for the fine analytical qualities of his keen legal mind and his marvelous gift of expression.

I desire to quote from an address delivered by WESLEY LLOYD at the annual Lincoln's Day banquet of the Pierce County Bar Association at Tacoma on February 12, 1931, which will preserve for posterity in the permanent records of this Congress his exalted and noble concept of the profession of the law which he loved and which he served so faithfully and honorably and which lawyers here and everywhere would do wisely to heed and emulate.

The layman, uninitiated in the mysteries of the law, is apt to conclude that the lawyer is the slave and disciple of precedent. He is visualized as some strange and almost forgotten character from the stories of Dickens, who spends his time in dungeonlike libraries, searching among the musty archives for ancient writs that may enable him to rob the grave, or desecrate the tomb, to enrich the wicked payers of fees to the detriment of society and the righteous.

Time may have been when precedent was the book of books for the legal searcher after knowledge, but the busy lawyer of today must, indeed, be prepared to blaze new trails and chart unknown seas, and his reckoning must be compassed by the pole star of truth, else he will be lost in a wilderness where there is no lamp of human experience to guide him.

If, in the practice of law, you try to follow precedent, to seek some recorded case from out the past to define with a nicety the conduct of men and women of today and tomorrow, in an age when imagination is foreshadowed by reality come true, when fact has fallen swift upon the feet of fancy which wander into an unreal world of dreams, you are doomed to failure, penury, and woe.

If our conception of the law is founded upon no more sacred altar than on statutes that may be repealed tomorrow, or the edict or decree of a judge that may be swept aside by his successor; if we have not charted our course by the pole star of truth, then our craft is but a priesthood of pretense and our association but a convention of pettifoggers and bill collectors.

The real law that is and forever must be our guide—the star that hangs immovable in the heavens; that ever flashes its cold and frosty gleam to beckon us on over the dreary wastes of an unexplored world—is justice. It is exemplified as right triumphant over wrong. Statutes may be enacted and repealed; majorities may rule by right or might; kings may decree, and judges may interpret; but no rule, or law, or edict, or decree can long endure unless it be founded upon the sense of justice that lives eternal in every human heart—the same yesterday, today, tomorrow, and forever.

If I have the right concept of the true function of the lawyer in his relation to his fellow man, I would dub him the doctor of human conduct. His idea is right; his purpose justice. Even though legislators and chancellors may temporarily sweep away the superstructure of the law, the foundation upon which it stands remains secure.

Precedents are not the law, but only evidence of the law. The law is eternal. It reposes as securely in the unspoiled heart of the

son of toil as in the breast of the chancellor in ermine. It is decreed as surely by the beggar at the gate as by the king on the throne. It lies as serenely in the mind of a little child as in the fertile brain of the mightiest conqueror whose footsteps ever shook the earth. It is justice, infallible and eternal. It was written in letters of flame upon the tablets of Moses, amid the flash of lightning and the crash of thunder upon Mount Sinai, and it is written in living fire in the hearts of men.

But I would not argue that books of precedent are without value. One cannot judge men unless he be able to know men. To know and weigh them in their relationships with each other, be able to understand their passions and longings, their weaknesses and follies, he must call upon not only his observations but the experiences of the past to guide him. He must know the stories of all men of all times, and when he calls to his aid the light that shines from out the past, no richer lore of human experience has ever existed than that contained in the recorded cases of the law.

When I look upon the rows and rows of leather-bound volumes, to me they are not of the dead past, but they breathe of life—as it was, as it is, and as it ever will be. They are not as the books of science. They are not mere compendia of information, of rule of thumb and calculation; nor even announcements of guiding rules, except insofar as every story of men and women is a guide to those who may come after them. Yellow and seared with age; musty and dusty and withered by decay and decrepitude; some badly printed, with the edges of the pages brittle by the passage of many years and the thumbings of many hands that are long since folded, they still sing stories of the living, throbbing world in which we live. As I read them, I look beyond the terse enunciations of the great jurists of the silent past—great in their day, but whose very names have been forgotten, save by the plodding scrivener who digested their wisdom and in his turn passed on to such reward as might await him, solaced that he had not reaped more than his share thus far.

I prefer to read the stories told of human beings like you and me; men and women, princes and paupers, the bully, and the cripple who crawled on broken limbs; the successful masters of their day, and the eternal misfits of life; of those who gave generously and received little in return; and of those who prospered in their wickedness, even as the green bay tree; of those who loved in the rosy sunlight of their dreams, and of those whose hatreds were as the poison from which men flee; master and man, haughty dame and scullery maid, the proud and the penitent, noble and haughty, boastful and begging, worthy and wanton, forceful and foolish, daring and devious, victorious and victimized; rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief; for one and all they have come or been brought into the temples of justice, told their stories, and been accorded their penalties or their rewards, good or bad, just or unjust, as human justice is fallible. In any event, their stories have been told, and a more or less complete record thereof speaks a history of the pulse beat of the average man and woman of all stations and conditions from the days of Blackstone to the present day. Those stories, quivering with life and human understanding, are written in those documents stored away in the vaults of Old Bailey and a thousand county courthouses—stories stranger than Arabian Nights, more wonderful than Gulliver's Travels, more veracious than the Bible upon which they are all attested, and thrilling as only the hopes and fears, and struggles and loves and hatreds, and joys and sorrows, and the anguished cries of human terror and distress and woe, can be thrilling.

But if I can bring you a message that may serve in some small measure to make you better lawyers as well as better men, I would say that, valuable as may be the books of the law, they must never be defied or allowed to become a fetish. They are, as I have said, not the law, but only the inconclusive evidence of the law. No man may become truly a great lawyer until, in addition to his knowledge of books, he has learned to commune with nature, to know himself, and to know men.

Go out, if you will, where the thunders roar, and the lightnings rend the heaven; hear the wind moan among the cliffs at night; see the awful might of old ocean in her angry moods; or gaze into a starlit heaven on a summer evening and contemplate the infinite; or hear the gentle breezes whispering secrets to the treetops; or nodding, sleepy daisies in fields where children play; go out upon the hillside where laughing waters come tumbling down to hide themselves in blue-green pools among the rocks, and cast a fly and watch it skim along the surface to trick the wary trout; or stand among the tules in the early morning of a wintry day and watch the wild ducks racing from the north on singing wings of flight; learn to know the mind, and understand the loyalty of a wet and tired dog that caresses you with muddy paws—and, having chosen such surroundings, learn to know yourself and the promptings of your own purified heart, which will unerringly point the way to justice and the law.

Upon such fabric was written the law of Moses; from such a school came He who walked on Calvary and declared the law that finds its living roots in human conscience. From the school of human experience came the great teacher, Blackstone, and the mighty jurist, Marshall; and from the forest and stream and field, and from the hearts of men, and from the exalted wisdom of his own purified and sanctified heart, came the law that was taught to the saddened and immortal Lincoln—the law of justice, upon which he builded for himself a tomb, eternal in the hearts of men.

My colleagues, what was **WESLEY LLOYD's** philosophy of life? I think it is beautifully set forth in a prayer poem which he composed about 15 years ago and which he often recited at lodge meetings and sometimes included in his public addresses. It reads as follows:

My sins are grievous, Lord, let penance bring
Some slight atonement for my wandering;
For mistakes that I have made, for talents gamed away,
For precious years misspent in idle boast and play,
Oh, let me feel the lash and let me know the sting
That breaks the proudest heart with bitter sorrowing.

But let me not, O Lord, my sorrows bear in vain,
But let some good be born for every sting of pain.
Strength give my heart and hand, added luster to my brain,
And let my saddened lot bring unto earth some gain.
Though hollowed-eyed with care, for every sin I'll pay
But let me burdens bear for others on the way.

Oh, let me bring to childhood some laughter and some mirth
And let me give to youth the loves and hopes of earth,
To age bring pleasant memories and, too, surcease from care
And let me banish sorrow and sadness everywhere.
Then my soul shall find atonement, and the wings of thought shall
rest,
And a voice from somewhere whisper that somehow I've done my
best.

My friend, Wesley, I last saw you on that memorable afternoon in Tacoma, as you slept amidst a wilderness of roses and gardenias, lilies of the valley, chrysanthemums and heather, the loving tributes of legions of friends. To me you somehow appeared younger and I noted an expression of contentment upon your brow. You are now enjoying the eternal reward for all your labors and a state of bliss and happiness is your final lot, and until we meet again, old friend, hail and farewell.

Mr. EKWALL. Mr. Speaker, the passing of our friends from the stage of life affects us in various ways and produces in us conflicting emotions. Some we may know for many years, and while the knowledge of their passing may cause a certain feeling of regret, yet they are rather soon forgotten in the swirling maelstrom of human affairs. Others, however, are so possessed of character and personality and the indefinable attributes of nature that the memory of their friendship will continue on to the end of our days. The passing of such friends affects us as does the giant tree which, viewed for years upon the mountaintop, in the midst of a storm is struck by lightning, and, falling with a resounding crash, leaves a lonely space against the sky.

Mr. Speaker, such a man was our late friend and colleague, **WESLEY LLOYD**, of Washington. On the floor of this forum he was quiet and unobtrusive. He was content to let others occupy the Well of the House. A splendid lawyer, and a philosopher, he had a keen sense of humor, which enabled him to pass over the rough places of life with the minimum of damage to his friendships and ideals. He loved the members of his family with a consuming love. Many years ago **WESLEY LLOYD** and his wife had the great misfortune to suffer the loss of a young son. From this blow, our colleague never recovered, but, akin to the great tragedian on the stage, he carried on quietly and played his part, while bearing a hurt in his heart which could not be assuaged.

Mr. Speaker, if I would appraise a man's worth—if I would measure his stature—I would go to those who have known him most intimately, those who have associated with him in good times and in bad, those who have been with him when he was standing on the mountaintops of happiness and in the deep valleys of despair. Measured by this yardstick, and by every other method known to man, **WESLEY LLOYD** was a true American, a faithful public servant, a splendid citizen, an upright lawyer, a loving husband and father, and a loyal friend.

Mr. Speaker, I had the honor of being one of the Members appointed by you to accompany the body of our beloved colleague to its last resting place at Tacoma, Wash. On the train, returning from that sad mission, I penned a few lines

in memory of my friend and the friend of every Member of this splendid House of Representatives. I quote them with the hope that they may, even in the slightest degree, be of some comfort to his loved ones who survive:

"Wes", old friend, you've realized your hope
That when at last this earthly life was o'er,
They'd take you to the home you loved so well,
Out West upon the old Pacific shore.
Out where the sun dips slowly o'er the sea,
And greets the stars of evening one by one,
To keep a rendezvous of mystery,
Until the East beholds it once again.
You've labored long and well—the victory's won;
You rest today in peaceful, friendly earth.
And as Tacoma's own—a favored son,
Her love will never wane—she knows your worth.
Your countless kindly thoughts and words and deeds
An everlasting monument will be.
Enthroned in the hearts of living men,
You'll live a million years—eternally.
Your shroud will be the western sky you love,
The giant firs will gently guard your sleep,
And, standing by 'till you are called above,
Majestic Rainier will her vigil keep.
And so we say farewell to you, good friend;
Some day, all in good time, at eventide,
We'll launch our bark, and sailing 'round the bend,
Greet you once more upon the other side.

Mr. SAMUEL B. HILL. Mr. Speaker, all hearts were saddened by the passing of Hon. WESLEY LLOYD on January 10, 1936. He was a Representative in Congress from the Sixth District of the State of Washington. He was first elected to the Seventy-third Congress in November 1932, and was re-elected to the Seventy-fourth Congress in November 1934. He passed away just 1 week after the convening of the second session of the Seventy-fourth Congress. Notwithstanding his comparatively short service in the National Congress, Mr. LLOYD had attained a prominence in the House that distinguished him as a man of great ability and an outstanding legislator.

At the very outset of his service he was assigned to the Committee on Military Affairs, where he served with credit to himself and the Congress. In his second term in Congress, as a recognition of his fine legal ability, he was placed on the Committee on the Judiciary. The Committee on Military Affairs and the Committee on the Judiciary are both exclusive committees and rank among the outstanding committees of the House.

It is seldom that a newly elected Member of Congress has such recognition as to be assigned to these great committees. Mr. LLOYD more than justified this recognition by the character of the high service he gave.

Additional evidence of the appreciation of his character and ability is the fact that he was made assistant whip of the House in both the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses. He served in this capacity through the entire period of his membership in the House.

It seems an untimely event that took WESLEY LLOYD from the walks of men at a time in his life when he was just getting into the full stride of the larger accomplishments of his career. It is not for us to question the dispensations of Providence, but we are forced to wonder why some things have to be. The only answer is that His ways are beyond our understanding. However, the term of human life is not measured alone by years but by things done and distance traveled in the progress of human accomplishment. Measured by this standard, WESLEY LLOYD had a span of life far beyond that of most men his seniors in years. His was a full life, crowded with deeds done and to be done. He met his responsibilities in a big way as a big man can. He had a mental capacity and moral courage that made work a pleasure rather than a burden.

It is said that "a life that is lived is a tale that is told." WESLEY LLOYD's life would require volumes to tell of its preparation and fullness. He was born and reared on a farm at Argonia, Kans. His parents were Mr. and Mrs.

John Q. Lloyd. He had three brothers and two sisters. He spent his boyhood on this farm. Life on the farm was not easy. He worked early and late, as farm boys in those days were required to do. It was a far cry from those days and that work to the enviable position he attained later as a lawyer and as a Member of Congress. His early education was had in a country school, some miles from his farm home. He rode through the cold winter months to this school, frequently chilled to the bone, when a mere child. It was a one-room wooden building, not a comfortable, modernly heated brick building as most rural school buildings now are.

It was here that he got the rudiments of the education that equipped him for his career of after years. From work on the farm, from this country school, and from his early experiences in the associations and spirit of this farm community, WESLEY LLOYD laid the solid foundation upon which he builded a brilliantly successful career. His ambition to succeed was indomitable. He wanted to enter college but lacked the necessary funds to do so. But, nothing daunted, he got odd jobs to pay his way. He chopped wood at 10 cents an hour and did other work at a low wage. As a final educational equipment for the profession to which he aspired, WESLEY LLOYD entered the Washburn Law School in Kansas. After receiving his law degree from this school, he went to Spokane, Wash., to establish himself in that new State and there to enter upon the profession of law.

He remained at Spokane for only a short time, but while there he met Miss Ida W. Reed, whom he married, and then moved to Tacoma, Wash., where they have since resided.

Mr. LLOYD had not yet been admitted to the bar. He secured employment in Tacoma with a newspaper, and from this employment supported himself and wife, while studying for 6 months preparatory to taking the supreme-court bar examination. He was admitted to the bar in 1906 and began the practice of law in Tacoma. His office equipment consisted of a desk, a typewriter, and a few law books. Like those of most young lawyers, his clients, at the beginning, were few and of the class that had little money. From this modest beginning in the practice of law, WESLEY LLOYD rapidly advanced in his profession, and through the years reached a position of prominence among the lawyers of his State. He participated in a large number of the most important court cases, both criminal and civil, in western Washington. His reputation and standing as one of the outstanding lawyers of the State were long established before he became a candidate for Congress in 1932.

In addition to his professional standing as a lawyer, Mr. LLOYD had established himself as a leader in the civic affairs of his home city of Tacoma.

He was a public-spirited man and was a useful citizen through his participation in the fraternal, social, and civic activities of his community. He was a home builder, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. He has left to his family the heritage of a good name, the character of a great lawyer, and the record of a Congressman upon which the whole State of Washington looks with pride. The life of WESLEY LLOYD was full of useful deeds. He was prompted, and guided by the inspiration that comes from an abiding faith in the directing hand of an all-wise, all-loving, and all-powerful Providence. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul.

Mr. WALLGREN. Mr. Speaker, during this past session death has thinned the ranks of the Washington State delegation to the House of Representatives. A man of courage and conviction, the late Hon. WESLEY LLOYD served well his district and his Nation. His passing means a loss not only to those of us who valued him so highly as a colleague here, but it brings to an end his keen insight into judicial and legal questions.

As a member of the Judiciary Committee his enlightened views as to the purpose and function of the law and of the judiciary were admired and respected. But I need say no more of his work here. We who were his colleagues know

it well, and his constituents had twice shown their admiration of his ability.

I should rather here devote my words to his work in his chosen field, the law. His attitude was far-sighted and refreshing. My words can only brush the surface, but his, delivered in a 1931 address, plumb the depths, so prophetic have they proven to be in view of the events of the last 5 years.

Therefore, may I quote briefly from this address of Mr. LLOYD's delivered before the Pierce County Bar Association:

The layman, uninitiated in the mysteries of the law, is apt to conclude that the lawyer is the slave and disciple of precedent. * * * Time may have been when precedent was the book of books for the legal searcher after knowledge, but the busy lawyer of today must, indeed, be prepared to blaze new trails and chart unknown seas, and his reckoning must be compassed by the pole star of truth. * * *

If in the practice of law you try to follow precedent, to seek some recorded case from out the past to define with a nicety the conduct of men and women of today and tomorrow, in an age when imagination is foreshadowed by reality come true, you are doomed to failure, penury, and woe.

The real law that is and forever must be our guide is justice. * * * Precedents are not the law, but only the evidence of the law. The law is eternal.

This was the philosophy of WESLEY LLOYD. He was my friend, and I was one of those chosen to accompany his remains to the State of Washington. There in the city of Tacoma, his home, he was given a funeral tribute that will long be remembered by the residents of that State. It was possibly as great a tribute as has ever been given anyone in the State of Washington, pointing to the esteem in which our colleague, WESLEY LLOYD, was held.

HON. STEPHEN A. RUDD

Mr. MEAD. Mr. Speaker, the Honorable STEPHEN A. RUDD was born on December 11, 1874, in the city of Brooklyn, where he spent his entire life, and where his legal and political careers developed to their fulfillment. He married Miss Martha Lindsay, whose father, the Honorable George H. Lindsay, served in the House with marked success from the Fifty-seventh to the Sixty-third Congress. Mrs. Rudd's brother, the Honorable George W. Lindsay, likewise saw service in the House of Representatives, coming to the Sixty-eighth Congress and remaining to serve well his constituents and the country until the Seventy-fourth Congress.

Succeeding the Honorable David J. O'Connell, whose sudden death occurred on December 29, 1930, as a Representative in Congress from his home district, Mr. RUDD also succeeded his predecessor as a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, where he served with outstanding distinction until illness prevented his attendance at committee meetings.

It was one of the greatest pleasures of my congressional experience to have learned to know the Honorable STEPHEN A. RUDD, who represented the Ninth District of New York in the House of Representatives for a portion of the Seventy-second and for the entire Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses.

To know STEPHEN A. RUDD was to respect and love the man. He was sincere in his efforts, devoted to his friends, and eager and willing at all times to cooperate in the problems that troubled his associates.

A quiet, unassuming, humble personality, Mr. RUDD was always thoughtful of those who served with him, loyal to a fault to all his friends, and devoted to an unusual degree to his home and his family. A sterling character, a generous man, a splendid representative of the people, he has gone to that eternal reward which comes as the fulfillment of a life crowded with good deeds accomplished for all those he loved and served.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, the passing of STEPHEN A. RUDD leaves a void difficult to fill. I served with him for a long period and learned to love him for his integrity, affability, and charm. He was ever kindly disposed toward all. I never heard a harsh word pass his lips. The Psalmist said, "Better is the fragrance of a good name than the perfume of

precious oils." His good name is emblazoned on the hearts of those with whom he came in daily contact. He will be remembered in New York City, whence we both come, for many decades. Long will live the memory of his deeds of kindness and charity and his ever-willingness to lend a helping hand to the "halt, the lame, and the feeble."

Mr. DICKSTEIN. Mr. Speaker, again death, the merciless reaper, has struck down in the prime of his life a Member of this House from the city of New York, who in his lifetime has given the best that was in him to the services of this body and to our Nation.

STEPHEN A. RUDD, whose death we are mourning today, was born in Brooklyn on December 11, 1874. He studied law at the Brooklyn Law School and was admitted to the bar of the State of New York, after which he was engaged in general practice for many years.

His first political office was as a member of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, on which he served with distinction from 1922 to 1931, being very active in the many committees of the board and its sessions which are held every week in the city hall.

Mr. RUDD was elected to the Seventy-second Congress at a special election held February 17, 1931, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman O'Connell, and he was reelected to the Seventy-third and the present Congress.

It was in Congress that I came into close contact with his sterling character, and where I was able to establish a friendship which continued until his death.

One of the great opportunities in Congress is the possibility of establishing long friendships. It is Members like STEPHEN A. RUDD who endear themselves to us by their untiring and unselfish devotion to duty, their ever-cheerful personality, their ever-obliging attitude toward life, and their inexhaustible fund of good will and good nature.

RUDD was one of the men whom to know was to love, and hearing of his untimely death it was impossible to recover from the sad reflections upon the fate of so many, who like the deceased Congressman were an ornament to society and a shining example worthy of emulation in life.

Mr. SHANLEY. Mr. Speaker, many Members of this honorable body will pay their strong personal tributes to their long-time friendship and appreciation of the sterling character of our deceased colleague, STEPHEN A. RUDD, of the Ninth District of the State of New York, but probably few will parallel an acquaintance seemingly so short yet so memorable as mine, now in death's reverie.

As a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee he was the fifth ranking member on our side of the House. I was the junior. We were associated on that committee and found much in common that interested us, but in nothing else did our thoughts so center and unite as in the neutrality legislation of this session. Despite an illness that daily made its inroads all the more evident, he attended to his congressional duty on this momentous subject, followed it in and out of committee, and left an indelible imprint of integrity and energy on the final bill.

Unswervingly he held to views which ultimately in the minds of everyone resulted in the final cast of that important legislative pronouncement. Shoulder to shoulder with us he stood, culminating his efforts and strong principles in an entreaty and plea that reached the heights in eloquent cogency of thought and conviction.

He was unusually kind to me, the junior of juniors, and I cherish those acts of camaraderie. May they ever be with me as a reminder of one who pushed on in his courageous devotion to duty, despite unending pain and an all-too-convincing knowledge of approaching death.

A revered poet of my own district, Fitz-Greene Halleck, once penned these words for another, which I add now to the memory of a great friend:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Mr. BEITER. Mr. Speaker, I am glad to be afforded this opportunity to speak a few words regarding the service rendered by my colleague the late Honorable STEPHEN RUDD. I consider it an honor and privilege to have known him and my acquaintance with him developed into a friendship which I cherished.

I have never known a more loyal man and it is with a feeling of pleasure that I recall his reception of me when I came to the House of Representatives as a new Member. He was deeply interested in the business of the Congress and was always willing to be of service to those who were not familiar with the procedure to be followed.

STEPHEN RUDD was activated by two desires at all times—to serve his constituency to the best of his ability and to cooperate with his colleagues in every worthy cause. I never knew him to hesitate to lend his aid to the accomplishment of any act which would be for the betterment of our great Nation. He was conscientious and sincere in all his endeavors, and I know that all who knew him in the House learned of his passing with a deep sense of personal loss.

Mr. CURLEY. Mr. Speaker, in this brief space it is impossible to do justice in featuring the high lights of the picture in the history of the strenuous life of such a deserving type of public citizen as the deceased, STEPHEN A. RUDD.

It is with profound reverence that I speak of a life filled with such a human record of useful years. For 15 years it was my proud privilege to possess his friendship. From January 1, 1922, to March 3, 1931, we served together as members of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, when his constituents honored him by sending him as their Representative in Congress from the Ninth District, New York. His philosophy of life was of that higher type of humanism so replete with such refreshing wholesomeness seldom observed in our selfish world. Steve's life was in fact dedicated to complete fulfillment of self-sacrificing devotion to public service. It was the compelling secret and prominent feature of his unqualified success in all his activities. His intrinsic value as a public-spirited citizen cannot be measured in mere words, for our distinguished colleague had a keen conception of practical human conduct which he always applied in his treatment in making others happy and contented.

FOR HE WALKED WITH MEN AND UNDERSTOOD

Here was a man whose heart was good,
Who walked with men and understood.
His was a voice that spoke to cheer,
And fell like music on the ear.
His was a smile men loved to see,
His was a hand that asked no fee
For friendliness or kindness done.
And now that he has journeyed on,
His is a fame that never ends
And leaves behind uncounted friends.

STEPHEN A. RUDD was a real champion of the people, a he-man with a spotless reputation and strong character, tempered with a kindly disposition.

In the drama of life of his Nation, State, and city of New York he played a conspicuous role as a public-spirited citizen. He was a pioneer and leader in human endeavors. And loved, honored, respected, and admired by all, he passed on to—

A beautiful land of faith we see,
A land of rest from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.
That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

Through the death of STEPHEN A. RUDD the city of New York, the State of New York, as well as the Nation, suffered a distinct and irreparable loss. His bereaved family lost a good provider, a loving husband and father; the Democratic Party, a valuable asset; and we, his colleagues, lost a true pal and friend—

For he loved the right with courage strong,
Always ready and willing to battle against the wrong.

However, we will meet again:

Yes; we will meet again in the morning,
In the dawn of a fairer day,
When the night of watching and waiting
With its darkness has passed away;
Where no shadows veil the sunshine,
Over there in the heavenly land;
And the crystal waves of the river,
Ever flow o'er the golden sand.

Where our precious ones now are dwelling,
Free from toil and every care,
With their garments spotless and shining,
Like the robes that angels wear.
When our pilgrimage is completed,
And our footsteps no longer roam,
By the pearly gates gladly waiting,
They will give us a welcome home.

Mr. PEYSER. Mr. Speaker, the grim reaper, Death, touches every one of us at various times, and yet, at each and every occurrence, whether it be of family, friend, or associate, is a distinct shock, bringing sorrow and grief in its wake, and, although I did not know STEPHEN A. RUDD intimately, his passing away brought a sense of loss that will not easily be replaced.

A kindly, genial gentleman, and one with a keen sense of his duties to mankind and country; always pleasant and willing to lend a helping hand to a newcomer in Congress, exemplifies my impression of the late Member from New York. An ardent, conscientious worker, yet generally standing in the background, his force and personality, nevertheless, had a lasting influence on those with whom he came in contact, and years will go by before his memory starts to fade in the minds of those who knew and loved him.

He was always among the first to welcome a new Member to Congress and offer assistance with the procedure of that great body, which, to a newcomer, is confusing and disconcerting in its many intricacies. His was a nature of service, and his many kind deeds will long be remembered by his colleagues. I, for one, shall cherish the thought of his many kindnesses to me and, with all my heart, I shall ever mourn the loss of his daily contact.

One too seldom meets men endowed with the graciousness and good will toward their fellow men in public life, and it is a privilege to so speak of my former colleague from New York, STEPHEN A. RUDD.

Mr. KENNEY. Mr. Speaker, out of the fullness of my heart, I bespeak the sorrow that is mine in the loss by death of our colleague, Hon. STEPHEN A. RUDD. A sympathetic friend, he was ever ready to bestow the benefit of his advice and counsel upon any problem which confronted fellow Members of the House of Representatives. In his own congressional district he was loved and esteemed by his people, to whom he was loyal, faithful, and devoted to the day of his death.

Congressman RUDD was an amiable character, learned, practical, and sound. His sincerity was marked, as was his high ideal of statesmanship. He had a keen sense of humor, but never applied it to the stern questions arising in the lives of our people. His heart and soul felt for them earnestly and fervently. The masses of our people had no better friend in public life than STEPHEN A. RUDD, who throughout gave his undivided allegiance and support to President Roosevelt, in whom he recognized a real friend of the American people.

Whenever a colleague unwittingly or in all seriousness indicated that he intended to do otherwise than follow the paths that had been blazed by the President, STEPHEN RUDD never failed to remind him that the President was leading the way for our people and the people were behind the President. It was his method of suggesting kindly but firmly that a Congressman must always be with and abide by his people. Thus did he serve faithfully. And not only did he keep the faith but he inculcated it in the minds and hearts of others.

A distinguished citizen of the city of New York, where he held public office in the city government, Congressman RUDD entered the Congress of the United States in 1931 and served

in the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Although in ill health toward the last, he remained at his post, and hardly had he been missed from the floor of the House when his death occurred.

As a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he was a keen student of events of the world. A lawyer of ability, he had a peculiar faculty of analyzing and simplifying any given problem, however complex. Ardently advocating world peace, he rendered yeoman service in his insistence upon a policy of strict neutrality and the development of friendly relationships with all nations.

Congressman RUDD died leaving an enviable record of service unostentatiously but ably performed. The Congress and his people will always remember him appreciatively, pleasantly, affectionately.

Our profound sympathy goes out to his beloved widow, Martha Lindsay, whose brother, George Lindsay, also served with distinction as a Member of Congress during our incumbency, and to his children, Martha, Stephen, Lindsay, and Roy. We grieve with them.

Mr. BOYLAN. Mr. Speaker, in the death of STEPHEN A. RUDD the delegation from the city of New York in the Congress has lost one of its outstanding and most valued members.

Born in the district in Brooklyn Borough that he so ably represented in Congress, he attended the local elementary school and high school and St. Lawrence University. He was known as a diligent scholar and attained high honors in scholastic studies. Upon his graduation from the university, he took up the study of law at the Brooklyn Law School and was admitted to the bar immediately upon the completion of his studies.

As a young man he was interested in the welfare of the people of his city. This interest was the incentive for his entering political life. He was always a sterling and uncompromising Democrat of the old school and soon became known as a speaker and lecturer upon the important public questions that were presented for the consideration of the electorate.

Appreciating the splendid service he had rendered, the people of his district elected him as their representative to the board of aldermen of the city. Here, on account of his native ability and special training he rose rapidly and soon became chairman of some of the board's most important committees. Under his initiative many measures were introduced and passed, benefiting, building up, and beautifying his native city of Brooklyn. These splendid works in unison with his indefatigable zeal for the welfare of his people will indeed be the monuments by which he will be best remembered.

As an additional honor, the people of his district elected him to fill a vacancy in the House of Representatives in the Seventy-second Congress; he was reelected to the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses. In the Congress he was elected to membership on the very important Committee on Foreign Affairs. He took an active and conscientious interest in the work of his committee and became so proficient in the discharge of his duties that his advice and counsel were sought in the disposition of many important matters.

STEPHEN RUDD was a devoted husband and father. His wife was Martha Lindsay, sister of former Representative George W. Lindsay. He had four children, Martha L., Stephen J., Lindsay H., and Roy H. Rudd. His sons were lawyers and members of his firm.

His untimely death brought sadness not only to his beloved wife and family but also to his colleagues in the Congress. The esteem in which he was held by the people of his district was manifested by the streets crowded with men, women, and children standing in silent sorrow on the day of his funeral as a mute testimony of the love and esteem in which he was held by all classes.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho't from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Mr. KENNEDY of New York. Mr. Speaker, today we meet to pay tribute to a modest but great man. We, who knew his capacity, ability, and real worth, realize he was not a spectacular man but one who had the real qualification for holding public office.

STEPHEN A. RUDD came to this House as a man well equipped for public service. On December 11, 1874, he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. He pursued the study of law at Brooklyn Law School and St. Lawrence University. He was admitted to the bar and became one of Brooklyn's prominent lawyers, known for his honesty, integrity, and ability.

Entering public service in the city of New York, he served in the board of aldermen from 1922 to 1931. These years of the city administration were years of readjustment and reorganization. The World War had ended 4 years previously, but the traces of the long struggle were to be still found in the economic, social, and educational phases of our great city government. Labor problems, adequate but not oppressive taxation, educational and health bureaus were serious questions brought before the board of aldermen.

On February 17, 1931, at a special election held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. David J. O'Connell, Mr. RUDD was elected to Congress to represent the Ninth District in Kings and Queens Counties.

Both in the board of aldermen and in the House of Representatives he quickly took a commanding position. During his service in the House of Representatives he was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a committee of power and influence and requiring comprehensive knowledge and sound discretion.

During the period in which Mr. RUDD served in the Congress of the United States there was particular need of men of intellect, ability, and commanding force. The problems confronting our Nation demanded men of natural force, learning, industry, and will power, to enact legislation according to their convictions. When he entered the House he came after a service in the city of New York that well fitted him for the arduous duties incident to service in the Congress of the United States.

As a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, he accumulated wide information on almost every question concerning this public service. He was respected for his sound and cautious judgment. It is a committee which needs the services of men of wide information, great equipment.

The confused European situation during these years placed great importance and responsibility on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mussolini was conducting the war between Italy and Ethiopia; Hitler startled the world with his Nazi rule in Germany; France underwent a political readjustment; revolution and unrest swept through Spain and Mexico; warfare continued between the Japanese and Chinese; and Lenin was still working out his 5-year plan in Russia.

As alderman he was recognized as one of the foremost and strongest minds. His counsel and advice were sought. When again the field of opportunity widened and he was elected to a place in the Congress of the United States, with regret he left his associates in the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, left his friends and the place where he had worked so long and was known so well.

Those who are familiar with the history of New York City and State during the period in which Mr. RUDD served as alderman will recall the names of some of the giants in intellect, ability, and commanding force with whom he served, such men as Gov. Alfred E. Smith, Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mayor John P. O'Brien, and Alderman Timothy J. Sullivan, the

present president of the board of aldermen. All of them rank high in the opinion of persons who appreciate great natural force, learning, and industry. When Mr. RUDD entered the House of Representatives, he was soon to serve again with Franklin D. Roosevelt, no longer the Governor but now the President.

The life of STEPHEN A. RUDD should be an inspiration, particularly to the young men of Brooklyn. A typical American boy, born in the greatest city in the world, rising above obstacles, winning friends and honors. The country is richer for his career, for his life. His life was marked with ability, energy, and devotion to his public services, with charity and humility. He was never conscious of his position in life.

Nothing dies but something mourns. When a man who has been in our midst, has stood in the blazing limelight of publicity, has been known to all the Nation, when such a man dies, the City of New York, the State of New York, and the Nation mourn. Friends whom he has loved will cherish his memory with greater tenderness year after year. In his life he accomplished much and won the high regard of his colleagues by his staunchness and courage. It is not given to every man to put himself into the innermost love of a people, a community, and make them all mourners when he departs.

Let us remember our dear friend as a Congressman, as a Democrat, but above all as a devoted and faithful husband and father. With this sorrowing family we, too, sorrow. Let us tell them that while earth is poorer, heaven is richer, the one losing and the other gaining STEPHEN A. RUDD.

Mr. PFEIFER. Mr. Speaker, at this particular moment I want to pay a tribute of respect to my personal friend and our late lamented colleague, the Honorable STEPHEN ANDREW RUDD, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have been a Member of Congress for only a year and a half, but during that time it was my great privilege to be rather closely associated with him. Owing to the fact that his congressional district borders mine, I had the pleasure on many occasions of discussing matters with him which were of vital interest to both of us. I admired the sincere and modest manner in which he conducted himself at all times, and I feel that this House and the district he represented have lost not only a good legislator but a true and loyal friend.

STEVE RUDD as we knew him was a gentleman, sympathetic, with a big heart and a conscience that dictated his every action; always ready to defend and stand firm for what was just and right; intensely patriotic. Added to this he had that adroit diplomatic disposition which made him an able member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, to which he was elected by the House when he became a Member of the Seventy-second Congress. Although ill, he took an active part in the committee during the consideration of the neutrality legislation this session.

Postal and other Federal employees, veterans, their widows and dependents were never forsaken by Steve, as he was always in the first-line trenches for them, voting against the economy acts and overriding Presidential vetoes.

In the multitude of details that engross every legislator's life, our friend Steve gave care and attention to the slightest request of the humblest of his constituents as well as to the larger problems of government.

Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.

Mr. MERRITT of New York. Mr. Speaker, the Seventy-fourth Congress lost one of its most outstanding Members in the death of STEPHEN A. RUDD, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It was for me, a new Member of the House, a very great honor to have bestowed upon me the friendship manifested toward me by this noble gentleman from the very first day I set foot on the floor of this Chamber. My acquaintance with him was, indeed, a short one, but it led quickly to a friendship which I am confident was as enthusiastic a pleasure for Steve as for myself.

It has been said that "we are born to die, and we die that we may live", and it is my fervent prayer that in the celestial life into which he has entered our beloved friend may find everlasting happiness. His untimely death brought sadness to his beloved ones, to his friends, and to his colleagues here. But with this deep sense of bereavement there is also consolation in the revelation of how large is the number of those who have been touched by his departure. In this busy, absorbing life we go our several ways and pass each other like "ships that pass in the night", without realizing the wealth of friendship that may be ours for the taking until one of these rare friends steps aside and we must go on without him. Then realization comes.

Had STEPHEN RUDD lived the full span of his life, the record thereof would undoubtedly have been one of exceptional accomplishment. His fine personality, the nobleness of his spirit, and his ability would have carried him far in the Halls of Congress and the service of his country. While he never said so, one felt that the philosophy of his life was to serve sympathetically, generously, sincerely. As one who enjoyed the blessing of his friendship, I should indeed be remiss if I failed to express something of the debt of gratitude and loyalty I owe him, and I offer this brief tribute gladly and proudly.

Mrs. O'DAY. Mr. Speaker, in paying my tribute to the memory of my late colleague STEPHEN A. RUDD, I speak not only as a New Yorker but as an American citizen. Those of you who are familiar with Mr. RUDD's record in the House know how truly devoted he was to his country's good. His services went beyond the boundaries of his district and State. He was a real American. He was a true champion of those things that have gone to make our country great. In his own life he illustrated the best that America can offer in manhood, statesmanship, and good fellowship.

Those of us who remember him for his kindly disposition mourn him as a friend, but every citizen of his State and country will share our grief for a champion lost; for he was truly a friend of the people. As a husband and father he was familiar with those small but important trivialities that go to make up the life of the average man. Nothing to my late colleague was unimportant if it affected the lives of his fellow countrymen.

He was born, as you know, in the district he so ably represented here in Congress. As a young man he became interested in the welfare of his neighbors. It was that interest that sent him to Washington; and it was that interest, broadened to include each and every one of his fellow countrymen, that made him so valuable a Member of the House.

Those of us who are new in Congress know how generous STEPHEN A. RUDD was in giving of his knowledge based on his wider experience; and how important that help is only those of us who are serving our first term can realize.

As a friend, statesman, and kindly fellow man we of New York and the Nation mourn him.

Mr. PATMAN. Mr. Speaker, our late lamented colleague, the Honorable STEPHEN ANDREW RUDD, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the best and ablest Members of Congress. He was respected and admired by his colleagues by reason of his exemplary life, his courage, and his ability. He was a friend of the poor people, the downtrodden, the oppressed, and the wage earner. He was an especially good friend of veterans of all wars. They, their loved ones and dependents, would never suffer by reason of any act of his.

His colleagues in the House of Representatives regret exceedingly that he is no longer with us. He is missed very much.

Mr. FITZPATRICK. Mr. Speaker, the death of STEPHEN A. RUDD removed from this House a man who served his people, his State, and his Nation well and faithfully for many years.

My personal relations with him were of an intimate and friendly nature. Not alone as a colleague in the House of

Representatives but also on the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York.

The people of his district will miss his loyal, able, and unselfish service; his colleagues will miss his mature and reliable counsel and advice; his personal friends will miss the warm and wholesome influence of his gentle nature.

STEPHEN RUDD has left a record behind him that should bring happiness, not only to his family but also to his many friends, to whom he endeared himself as a great public servant and a sincere friend.

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, all of us who knew and worked with the late STEPHEN A. RUDD feel a distinct and deep sense of personal loss at his passing. He was a true and helpful friend to all who knew him. It was my particular advantage to have served with him on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He had an exceptionally fine and sympathetic understanding of the important problems that came before that committee, and he was so gracious in his manner of helpfulness. Even when his illness made his work so difficult he carried on, faithful in his devotion to duty and firm in his conviction of what was best for the country he loved and served so well.

Mr. DELANEY. Mr. Speaker, "Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er." So wrote the poet Alexander Pope two centuries ago, and never was the line more applicable than when quoted about the late STEPHEN A. RUDD.

Coming from the same city, Brooklyn, I knew Steve before we both entered Congress, but it was not until we came to Washington that I knew him so well and discovered his real character. As much as any man, he put his work first, as is evidenced by his activities and attendance in Congress.

Day after day his colleagues saw him at work when he should have been taking a much-needed rest. Often he mentioned to me how ill he felt, but he would not give up, because he was sent to Washington by his people, and he was bound to labor for them. Truly, he was a martyr, this STEPHEN A. RUDD, and such loyalty to his friends and his country must not go unrecognized.

I shall miss STEVE RUDD very much. His colleagues, I know, all mourn his passing. The Nation and the city and State of New York have suffered an irreparable loss in his death. His place will be hard to fill.

Mr. McREYNOLDS. Mr. Speaker, under the right given me to extend my remarks I desire in a most simple way to pay my respects to our colleague the Honorable STEPHEN A. RUDD, of New York, who passed away not long ago.

I take this opportunity to comment on Mr. RUDD's service, more especially because he has been a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, of which I am at present the chairman, ever since he has been in Congress. I served with him on this Committee, before I became its chairman and also since that time. This has given me an unusual opportunity to know the man about whom I am speaking, and his qualifications. He attended his committee meetings regularly and took a great deal of interest in the proceedings. He was quiet and unassuming, but a man of his own convictions. He was intelligent and honest and a loyal Democrat, and especially loyal to the administration. He had been sick for some time before his death, and yet during that time oftentimes he would meet with the committee when I felt he was not able to do so.

I feel that I speak the sentiment of the Foreign Affairs Committee when I say that he was highly respected by them and they all appreciated his worth. Personally, he is a loss to me in my official capacity, and also as a staunch friend. His record here in Congress is such as anyone should have been proud of and his place will not be easily filled. His going away is a loss not only to his constituents but to the people at large of this great country.

I am glad to make these few remarks in reference to my colleague and friend.

Mr. SIROVICH. Mr. Speaker, a valiant and a gentle soul passed to his splendid reward when the spirit of the Honorable

STEPHEN A. RUDD, Member of Congress from the Ninth Congressional District of New York, on March 31, 1936, left its earthly tenement and left this temporary world for the glories of a heavenly eternity.

None knew him who did not love him for his splendid capacity allied with a modesty and self-effacement rare in this time and this generation. He served his native city of Brooklyn handsomely and competently and when he became secretary to the police commissioner of New York he activated a difficult position with ableness and dignity.

When he came to Congress to assume the duties of a Representative he speedily gained not only the affection but the admiration and respect of his colleagues. These attitudes of his fellow Members of Congress grew as the years passed by until he came to be regarded as a most valuable member of the New York delegation in Congress.

Patient, yet persevering, our brother RUDD devoted his time and talents to the work of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses to the betterment of proposed legislation and to the interests of his constituents. With him duty came first, at any cost of time or labor. The poorest citizen of his congressional district was always accorded the same courtesy as was given its leading residents.

One of nature's noblemen has gone to his well-earned reward and we who are left behind mourn him as we would our own brother.

Mr. SULLIVAN. Mr. Speaker, "Death does not take a holiday", and once again we find its inexorable hand laid upon another of New York's Representatives in the Halls of Congress, beckoning this time the distinguished Representative from the Ninth Congressional District, representing a portion of the city of Brooklyn, the Honorable STEPHEN A. RUDD, and calling him to his Heavenly Master to give an account of his stewardship.

Mr. RUDD was my personal friend for a number of years past and his death stirs me deeply and profoundly. His was a lovable personality, ever thoughtful of his friends and tolerant of his enemies.

A lawyer of distinction, Mr. RUDD was elected to the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York and served in that body from 1922 to 1931. He was then elected to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late David J. O'Connell and was reelected to the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses.

His public life has been an open book. He served the city of New York as an alderman with ability and credit and he served his district, his State, and his Nation in Congress with distinction and honor.

When summoned to appear before his Master we know that His judgment was: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into everlasting glory."

To his family we extend our heartfelt sympathy and our prayers.

Mr. BOLAND. Mr. Speaker, the death of Hon. STEPHEN A. RUDD, Representative from the Ninth District of New York, on March 31, 1936, brought sadness to all those who knew him.

It was not my privilege to know Mr. RUDD until after I was elected a Member of Congress. The people of his district elected him to fill a vacancy in the House of Representatives in the Seventy-second Congress, and from then until the time of his death every contact with him increased my affectionate regard for him personally and officially.

Born in the district which he so ably served during his long political career, first as an alderman of the city of New York, where his proficient and splendid work leaves a heritage not only to his family but that same district which later elected him to serve them in Congress, as majority whip of the House, I wish to say further that Mr. RUDD impressed me by his faithfulness and loyalty to our administration and his desire to serve the people of his district and State. He was during the time which I knew him an inspiration to me and a fine example of a patriotic statesman.

Through the untimely passing of STEPHEN A. RUDD the city of New York and the State and Nation suffered an irreparable loss, but may his family be consoled by the consciousness of the splendid and loyal service he accomplished and ever strove for.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, when STEPHEN A. RUDD passed away there was sincere regret among his legion of friends. His loss was particularly felt by the many warm friends he had made during his service as a Member of the National Congress.

It was my privilege to meet Mr. RUDD when he first came here and to serve with him on the great Committee on Foreign Affairs. He was a hard, conscientious worker, actuated with but the one desire to be of service to his country. He was loyal to the best traditions of America and courageously fought, without regard to partisanship, for real Americanism.

The country suffered a great loss through his untimely death. He is gone, but his fine work and kindly character will ever be cherished by his district and his multitude of friends and admirers.

A good life, like a good deed, lives on forever.

Mr. O'LEARY. Mr. Speaker, at this particular moment I want to pay tribute of respect to our late lamented colleague the Honorable STEPHEN A. RUDD, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Three times his own people sent him to be their Representative in Congress. He did not fail them.

During his public career of over 28 years it can be said of him that he walked with the great of the country, but never, for one moment, forgot the common touch. His sympathies were of that broad and generous character which kept him during his career closely in touch with the people of the State of New York he represented here and the great common people of this Nation. During the later part of his service here he was a member of the great Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, and during the long hours of every workday on that committee, which engaged in preparation of the most intricate neutrality legislation, although sick at the time, he sat at the table performing his full share of the labor honestly and conscientiously, at all times living up to his high ideals. STEVE RUDD, as we knew him, has passed on, but he will not be forgotten by those of us who knew him best.

Mr. EVANS. Mr. Speaker, while it was not my lot to have known our late colleague, STEPHEN A. RUDD, for as long a period and as intimately as many of the other Members, still I was not unacquainted with his record and reputation, and for the comparatively short time it was my privilege to be associated with him, I am more than glad to add my voice in regret at the passing of a most considerate and courteous colleague and friend.

He was extremely well known throughout the Borough of Brooklyn, where he was a lifelong resident. His interest in his neighborhood was manifested throughout his life by the time and attention he devoted to all matters involving the local welfare. In addition, his outlook was broad and charitable, and in the practice of his profession as a lawyer his services without stint were always at the command of the needy, without regard to the sacrifice of time, convenience, or compensation, so that it is not possible to estimate the great contributions which he so generously made when the extent of his services in this respect are known only to the recipients and by those who knew and loved him for the assistance he thus rendered.

As a practical civic worker and an extremely busy lawyer his worth was recognized in his appointment to the office of the Kings County district attorney and his subsequent election to the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York and the United States House of Representatives. Each office he held was marked by conscientious and painstaking efforts to serve to the utmost of his strength and ability, so that his administration of each office was an admirable success.

His decease is a distinct loss to the Nation, State, and city, of which he was an exemplary citizen and public servant.

To Mrs. Rudd and his immediate family my heartfelt condolences are extended.

Mr. TONRY. Mr. Speaker, I rise in my seat to say just a word at the passing of our beloved colleague, the late STEPHEN A. RUDD.

Mr. Speaker, I have had the honor of serving with him in two legislative halls, both here in this House and in the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York. I learned early the wisdom and justice with which his judgment was tempered. In this, my first term in this House, I profited to an extent, which his untimely death only has made me realize, by his wise, calm judgment and his superior experience.

Mr. Speaker, I have known STEVE RUDD for over 20 years as an intimate and trustworthy friend, as an honest and upright citizen, and as a competent and prudent legislator. The personal loss which is mine can never be recompensed. The influence which he wielded on me will always remain, though death has taken him from me. The memory of him will be a model after which I shall always strive.

Mr. Speaker, this House has lost a beloved colleague; his family, a devoted husband and father; the citizens of the country and his own congressional district, an able legislator; and I, a sincere friend and wise counselor. I pray that God in His justice and wisdom may grant to his soul the peace and happiness for which he always strove for others.

Mr. BARRY. Mr. Speaker, although I have been a Member of this House only since last November, I wish to join with my many colleagues in paying tribute to the memory of our late colleague, STEPHEN A. RUDD.

My short and pleasant acquaintance with him proved to me that he was a man of fine intelligence and upright character, who had a comprehensive grasp of the problems now confronting our Nation.

He worked conscientiously and well, and his record of achievement as a legislator is one that brought credit to himself and his party. His gentleness of manner and kindness of heart endeared him to all those with whom he came in contact.

As a new Member of the House, I sought his advice and guidance on several occasions, and his friendliness and helpfulness at those times will always be remembered by me.

By his death the State of New York and this great Nation of ours have lost the service of a truly great man.

Mr. O'CONNOR. Mr. Speaker, Hon. STEPHEN A. RUDD, Representative in Congress from the Ninth Congressional District of the State of New York, was respected by every Member of the House.

He was my friend and his passing is a real loss to me.

His lovely wife bore a distinction unique and never enjoyed by any other woman in this country. Her father, her brother, and her husband were all Members of the House of Representatives. To add to that distinction, her son is a candidate this coming November for election to the same body. Her family has indeed made a remarkable and worth-while contribution to our Government.

STEVE RUDD was a quiet, conservative, sensible Representative. He was the antithesis of a demagogue. He was never swayed by groups or blocs or movements. He kept his feet on the ground at all times, intensely interested in the welfare of his constituents, his party, and his country.

He needed to take no poll as to how his district felt on any question. Brought up in it, he intuitively knew what his people felt and wanted. No curbstone politicians swayed his judgment. No threats of political reprisal caused him to swerve from his honest convictions. Would that there were more like him.

We Members from New York shall miss him. The important Committee of the House of Representatives on Foreign Affairs, on which he served with distinction, will miss his keen judgment and counsel. The Bushwick section of Brooklyn, which he so ably represented, has lost a statesman and I have lost a friend.

AFTER RECESS

At the conclusion of the recess the Speaker called the House to order, and then, pursuant to House Resolution 467, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, declared the House adjourned.

ADJOURNMENT

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.), in accordance with its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Wednesday, April 22, 1936, at 12 o'clock noon.

COMMITTEE HEARINGS

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION

There will be a meeting of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization in room 445, Old House Office Building, at 10:30 a. m., on Wednesday, April 22, 1936, for hearing on H. R. 12222 and H. R. 11172 (continued).

COMMITTEE ON THE PUBLIC LANDS

There will be a meeting of the Committee on the Public Lands on April 23, 24, and 25, 1936, at 10:30 a. m., in room 328, House Office Building, to consider H. R. 7086, by Mr. WALL-GREN, the Mount Olympus National Park bill.

EXECUTIVE COMMUNICATIONS, ETC.

Under clause 2 of rule XXIV, executive communications were taken from the Speaker's table and referred as follows:

799. A communication from the President of the United States, transmitting an estimate of appropriation submitted by the Commissioners of the District of Columbia to pay claims and suits which have been settled by them (H. Doc. No. 468); to the Committee on Appropriations and ordered to be printed.

800. A communication from the President of the United States, transmitting supplemental estimates of appropriations for the legislative establishment for the fiscal year 1936, amounting to \$75,700 (H. Doc. No. 469); to the Committee on Appropriations and ordered to be printed.

801. A letter from the Secretary of War, transmitting a draft of a bill to authorize the sale, under the provisions of the act of March 12, 1926 (Public, No. 45), of surplus War Department real property; to the Committee on Military Affairs.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES ON PUBLIC BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS

Under clause 2 of rule XIII,

Mr. DOUGHTON: Committee on Ways and Means. H. R. 12395. A bill to provide revenue, equalize taxation, and for other purposes; without amendment (Rept. No. 2475). Referred to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union.

CHANGE OF REFERENCE

Under clause 2 of rule XXII, the Committee on Invalid Pensions was discharged from the consideration of the bill (H. R. 9270) granting a pension to Addie B. Hawkins, and the same was referred to the Committee on Pensions.

PUBLIC BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS

Under clause 3 of rule XXII, public bills and resolutions were introduced and severally referred as follows:

By Mr. DOUGHTON: A bill (H. R. 12395) to provide revenue, equalize taxation, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. CANNON of Wisconsin: A bill (H. R. 12396) amending title 29, sections 101 and 113 (c), of the United States Code; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. CARTER: A bill (H. R. 12397) to authorize the coinage of 50-cent pieces in commemoration of the completion of the bridges in the San Francisco Bay area; to the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures.

By Mr. GOLDSBOROUGH: A bill (H. R. 12398) to authorize the Comptroller of the Currency to make such rules

and regulations as he may deem necessary to enable him effectively to perform the duties, functions, or services imposed upon him under the provisions of laws relating to national banks; to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Also, a bill (H. R. 12399) to amend section 3 of the act of June 30, 1876 (title 12, U. S. C., sec. 197), as amended; to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Also, a bill (H. R. 12400) to amend sections 5204 and 5199 of the Revised Statutes, as amended, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Also, a bill (H. R. 12401) to amend section 5154 of the Revised Statutes, as amended; to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Also, a bill (H. R. 12402) to amend section 325 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, as amended (U. S. C., title 12, sec. 2); to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Also, a bill (H. R. 12403) to amend section 641 of the act of March 3, 1901, entitled "An act to establish a Code of Laws for the District of Columbia" (D. C., title 5, sec. 342); to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

Also, a bill (H. R. 12404) to amend section 386 of chapter 12A of title 5, supplement 1, District of Columbia Code of 1929 (sec. 6 of an act entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation of credit unions within the District of Columbia", approved June 23, 1932); to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

PRIVATE BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS

Under clause 1 of rule XXII, private bills and resolutions were introduced and severally referred as follows:

By Mr. BOEHNE: A bill (H. R. 12405) granting an increase of pension to Ernest Killian; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. KRAMER: A bill (H. R. 12406) granting a pension to Mack McNeil; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. PETERSON of Georgia: A bill (H. R. 12407) granting a pension to Harry J. Simpson; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. ROGERS of Oklahoma (by departmental request): A bill (H. R. 12408) for the relief of Robert D. Baldwin; to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

By Mr. UTTERBACK: A bill (H. R. 12409) for the relief of Ray McMillen; to the Committee on Claims.

PETITIONS, ETC.

Under clause 1 of rule XXII, petitions and papers were laid on the Clerk's desk and referred as follows:

10760. By Mr. JOHNSON of Texas: Petition of Mrs. R. C. Jackson, A. W. Griffen, A. D. McKinney, N. W. Byrd, J. E. Skinner, Francis L. Goode, Houston Frederick, C. D. George, and Imogene Carr, Ruby Thomason, Inez Blackwell, Louise Hobbs, Omega Yielding, Louise Steeley, Gertrude Little, and Gwendolyn Reeder, all of Corsicana, Tex., favoring tax survey of farm and ranch land and survey of farm mortgages, land values, and land transfers; to the Committee on Appropriations.

10761. Also, petition of A. A. Allison, of Corsicana, Tex., favoring survey of farm and ranch land and survey of farm mortgages, etc.; to the Committee on Appropriations.

10762. Also, petition of Hon. J. S. Callicutt, district judge; Hon. C. E. McWilliams, county judge; Jack Megarity, M. W. Roberts, A. W. McClung, and J. W. Harris, members of the Navarro County commissioner's court; and R. L. Harris, tax collector and assessor, all of Corsicana, Tex., favoring retention of tax survey of farm and ranch lands, farm mortgages, land values, and land transfers; to the Committee on Appropriations.

10763. Also, petition of Brad Robinson, C. R. Lacey, W. H. Hill, C. G. Haley, county judge of Leon County; Joe H. Seale, and Sam Bain, all of Centerville, Tex., favoring Works Progress Administration tax survey; to the Committee on Appropriations.

10764. By Mr. ENGEL: Petition of C. R. Bell and others, of Mesick, Mich., endorsing the objectives of the Tydings-McCormack bill; to the Committee on the Judiciary.